

C N CALLING

My soul, sit thou a patient
looker-on ;
Judge not the play before
the play is done.
Her plot hath many
changes ; every day
Speaks a new scene ; the
last act crowns the play.

Francis Quarles

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE THIRD
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See page two

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CAIN AGAINST THE WORLD

Hitler's Hand Against Every Man

It is easy in these days to think that civilisation is breaking up. For the second time in one century a great nation in Europe has gone to war to dominate the earth.

Even now it is hardly possible to read without a tear the few words the Prime Minister spoke to Parliament on Sunday morning last week, when he saw the dreams of his life, the things he had believed in and worked for, crashing in ruins about him. Once more the dreams of men have failed us, and the beautiful world in which we and our fathers have lived with peace in our hearts has been filled with hate and misery and death. It is easy to imagine that mankind has failed and is doomed to perish.

Hitlerism

Yet nothing is more certain than the final triumph of the cause we fight for once again. This tragic event that has convulsed the world is the crime of one man whose tyranny has overcome a nation that was never free. By force and falsehood he has deluded his own people and led them back to Barbarism. But it is not in his power to lead to those depths of shame those who have been free, and such a rising of the peoples is there in the world that nothing can withstand them. Never has our nation been defeated in a war. Not even our kings have been able to trample down our liberties. When they have tried to stem the tide of freedom in this land the nation has risen in its majesty and kings have been as stubble in the people's hands.

We Cannot be Destroyed

Something there is in the spirit of our race that cannot be destroyed. It was Victor Hugo who declared that as he looked out across the sea to this proud island in its majestic calm it consoled him for a thousand crimes. It was the great Spaniard George Santayana who declared that the Englishman

Britannia Looks Out
Upon the World as
the Shadows Fall



had become the just and boyish master of the world, and that it would be a bitter day for mankind when conspirators, churls, and scientific blackguards supplanted him. They will not. They cannot. We do not wish to be the masters of the world. We do not seek to be the masters of our Empire. In our own time we have spread wide the bounds of freedom and surrendered authority and power over those

whose liberties we have built up with our lives and treasure. Our great oversea Dominions so gallantly responding to our need today will do it of their own free will. They are as free to look on as Iceland is while the Motherland is in the grip of a foul and arrogant foe.

Not because we are the masters of the world do we rise against the tyrant who would put it in chains ; but because we are the heirs and

possessors of the keys of Liberty and share it with mankind. If we have, as Emerson said, a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon, it is because there is deep down in us a power put there by God Himself. It is because in this land of freedom a man feels that he is a spark thrown off from the anvil of God to illumine the dark places of the earth. It is because each one of us has his share in the proud

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THE V C HEAD OF THE ARMY

A Man of Heart and Grit

It has been a source of pride and encouragement in these early days of trial that the British Army has as its leader a soldier who won his spurs by high deeds of daring, and who has won the affection of both soldier and civilian by qualities of heart and mind of the first rank.

Viscount John Gort V C is a man of many medals, but the marks that most distinguish him are those war wounds received in the desperate September of 1918 when we were making our final effort to beat back the desperate avalanche which very nearly swept the armies of civilisation to destruction.

Leading a Forlorn Hope

There have been many glowing phrases in the London Gazette describing the heroic actions for which the V C has been awarded, but the account of Viscount Gort's heroism has few to equal it. As commander of the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards, he and his men were chosen to be the "forlorn hope" when the Guards Division attacked across the Canal Du Nord near Flesquières. Gort was wounded, but, making nothing of his wound, he directed a platoon to a position from which it could make a flanking attack and then, under terrific fire, he went across open ground to obtain the assistance of a tank, which he led himself.

Let the official record continue the story:

While thus fearlessly exposing himself he was again severely wounded. Notwithstanding considerable loss of blood, after lying on a stretcher for a while he insisted on getting up and personally directing the further attack. By his magnificent example of devotion to duty and utter disregard of personal safety all ranks were inspired to exert themselves to the utmost.

Indifferent to Pain

As a result two batteries of guns and 200 prisoners were taken, Gort continuing to direct the force until he collapsed. Even then he refused to leave the field until he had seen the success signal go up on the final objective.

This indifference to pain was characteristic of the man who a year before had refused to leave his battalion though hit in two places by a bursting shell, an act which won him a bar to his D S O. The M C he had already won.

Often wearing his steel helmet at a jaunty angle, our Commander-in-Chief is to the Army of today what Beatty was to the Navy 25 years ago. Tiger Gort is his nickname, and he is strict and firm to a high degree, yet all those guardsmen whose sons now stand in their old ranks are glad that the hero of 1918 should be chosen to lead the heroes of today.

In Two War Cabinets

The only two members of the last War Cabinet who are members of the new one are Mr Winston Churchill and Sir John Simon, and Mr Churchill is the only man living who has held the same post in two War Cabinets; he is First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Day of the Last Great War

How many people, in the stress and strain of these poignant days, have remembered the last night of our Peace, the beginning of the world's Last Great War?

A great storm burst over England, the electric skies lighting up the hills with a noonday glow, and Mars shone angrily among the clouds.

It was the Third of September, and on the Third of September long ago another storm burst over England, tearing the roofs from houses. It was the eve of the death of Cromwell.

The day has been famous in our history, for on it Cromwell won two

of his great victories against our Stuart Dictators. On the eve of one of them Cromwell wrote:

Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered. Like as the mist vanisheth, so shall thou drive them away.

It was on the battlefield of Dunbar that Oliver was writing, and of the night before his great biographer Carlyle was to write 300 years after:

The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays, the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we, and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

The Madman at the Head of Eighty Million People

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fame of our country. Not our Drakes and Raleighs only, not our Shakespeares and Miltons and Cromwells, not only those whose names shine like the stars in our history—not these alone have made us what we are, but that vast countless multitude whose hearts are set immovably in the love of what is right and fair and true.

Fair Play

It is the fair play of the English spirit that has ruled our land for a thousand years. It is the thing that impels every lad on a cricket pitch, every Scout in his camp, the merchant in our marketplace, the statesman in high rank. It is the spirit that has made our laws the envy of all lands, and has made every little man and woman in the street ashamed to be a bully or a brute.

So it is that in dark days like these our strength is in ourselves. It is our patience, our forbearance, our fortitude that will see us through. The peace we wish for all the world we cherish in our hearts. It was one of our fighting statesmen who said that though our hands are active our conscience is at rest. It is true. We have done all that could be done for peace, but against us have been ranged such evil things as falsehood, injustice, brutishness, oppression, and the most cynical acts of faithlessness ever known in history. The scientific blackguardism of the Nazi rulers has plunged the world into war which must bring ruin once more to Germany and incalculable suffering on mankind.

Crime Marches On

By crimes unsurpassed in history, by blackmail, lying, theft, fraud, and secret police, a group of gangsters has raised itself to supreme power over 80 million people, has stolen country after country, and trampled on all the things sane and decent people have held dear. Their word cannot be believed. All their treaties are broken. Humanity is nothing to them. The old world in which men and women lived as good neighbours, trusting one another and welcomed everywhere as friends, is outside the realm of their imagination. Honour and reason and justice and fair play are beyond their

understanding. Force is their language, and their morality is that of the Stone Age man, to whom Might was Right. Were their doctrine to prevail there would be no civilised life in Europe and the peoples of all lands would live in constant fear. For years the leader of the Nazis has practised blackmail on the Great Powers. He has sent his ambassadors to lie to great nations.

He has shot his old friends, imprisoned his critics, insulted our Prime Minister, and thrown the head of the Austrian State into a dungeon. He has menaced the security of every small nation in Europe. He has filled his own country with secret police and every home in Europe with fear. He has blotted out the word Truth in his dealings with every man and nation. In his senseless lust of power he is willing to destroy a million lives of his own countrymen and millions more.

The Road to Ruin

No man since the world began has inflicted upon the world such suffering and ruin as Adolf Hitler, now setting out on his last journey with a doomed nation at his heels.

As for us, we shall walk once more, for the second time in this 20th century, through the Valley of the Shadow. Our hands are clean. Our cause is the freedom of mankind. Our conscience is at peace. Our trust is in God and in our strong right arm. True to ourselves, nothing can defeat us. *Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.*

Watching For Meteors

A dozen sharp-eyed Montreal Boy Scouts were to be seen gazing intently into the heavens on three consecutive nights not long ago.

They were making a record of shooting stars during the Perseid meteor shower. By three o'clock on the third night the boys had observed and obtained details of 300 meteors, of which 29 were big.

Every summer for the last five years these Scouts have gone to a camp near Montreal, where they have observed and recorded every meteor seen in any part of the sky, noting the exact time of its appearance, the direction in which it is travelling, magnitude, and so on. The biggest number of meteors observed on any one night was three years ago, 400 in three hours.

The records were sent to the David Dunlap Observatory at Toronto.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

In the first sea casualty of the war, the sinking of the liner Athenia without warning, nearly all the 1400 lives were saved, including over 300 Americans.

One of the first R A F crossings of the German frontier was with six million pamphlets; having the power to drop bombs they dropped the Truth instead.

Forty poisonous snakes and all the black widow spiders have been killed at the Zoo.

There have been many hurried marriages during the last week or two at the registry offices.

For the first time since it was built Broadcasting House has ceased to be the headquarters of the B B C.

It is now established that the Germans used gas bombs in Poland on the day Britain entered the war.

The Thetis was safely beached on the Anglesey coast a few hours after the war began.

South Africa's biggest order for many years for steel rails has been given to three Yorkshire firms, valued at £600,000.

THINGS SEEN

The Kaiser sticking pins into a great map of Poland on his wall.

Schoolboys beating down sandbags with their cricket bats.

Soldiers blinded in the Great War carrying on as usual in this.

A photographer flash-lighting the Prime Minister as he passed in the dark.

Canvas pools of water in the streets of London.

THINGS SAID

This is a sad day . . . everything I have worked for and believed in has crashed into ruin. Mr Chamberlain

I trust I may live to see Hitlerism destroyed and a liberated Europe re-established. The Prime Minister

Long live British democracy and 20th-century civilisation.

One of the crowd outside our Consulate in Warsaw

Outside the storm may blow but our hearts are at peace.

Mr Winston Churchill

Open up, please; we want to join the Army. Men outside a Recruiting Office

You can tell a race that feels inferior; where it has the power, it delights to humiliate and impose indignities on its betters. Buffalo News

Each of us is at his post in this land where respect for human dignity finds one of its last refuges.

Prime Minister of France

War has invented no weapons that can defeat the spirit. Toc H Journal

To abstain from alcohol is a national service. A poster of today

The friendship of workers based on a common determination to discover the truth has created a burning desire for conditions which will enable us all to work together in harmony as members of one great brotherhood.

Sir Albert Seward, President of British Association

THE BROADCASTER

Not one casualty occurred during the evacuation of 650,000 Londoners in four days.

OVER fifty Indian Princes have offered all the resources of their States to the King-Emperor.

GAY ADVENTURE—The Great Trek of the Children

THREE million children left their homes in the crowded towns of the kingdom to find safety in the countryside. It was the greatest trek in history.

From London 650,000 of them poured forth by train and bus and coach to descend like swarms of butterflies among the fields and woods and gardens of the home counties. From every big town in England (and from some in Scotland) the gay thousands went forth, to seek new homes among new friends, without a care, without a doubt of the future.

It gave older people courage to look at them, so cheerful were these gay adventurers—and so business-like! They all had their names and addresses, and their destination, pinned on their small chests, but they gave the impression that the facts were as securely fixed in their heads, so obedient were they to every instruction of their guides and teachers. Each had a package of food and the old kitbag in many shapes and forms tightly clutched; and the boys with knapsacks reminded one irresistibly of the old song:

*With my knapsack on my shoulder
Sure there's no man could be bolder!*

A Dauntless Race

And surely nothing could be bolder than this setting out as hopefully as if it were a gigantic school treat. See them hardly keeping their high spirits down in the railway carriages, and only just refraining from breaking into song in the buses, and you thought that these little ones who will be the mothers and fathers of

the generation to come were worthy upholders of the tradition of what a friend of Britain called a decent and dauntless people.

It would be impossible to follow them all as they went their several ways, often put out at the wrong station, but finding themselves at last, some going by steamer down the Thames, and some happy pilgrims to the Isle of Wight, but most of them going by train or coach or bus to villages waiting to receive them. All we can do is to recall some of the impressions, received by one who watched the beginnings and some of the endings of the trek.

Privileged Passengers

The first sight of them was in the big railway terminus, where they filed in orderly twos or threes up the inclines from the Tubes, and were shepherded by watchful teachers to the entrance gates of the platforms. They went like lambs. A benevolent policeman kept the interested throngs of onlookers back with uplifted hand. There was no crowding. The children were as privileged passengers as if they were taking a Boat Train.

Then there was another sight which we met as we crossed the road bridge over the Thames. Four ambulance coaches slipped by, way made for them by the traffic. London workers hurrying in the reverse direction to their jobs stopped to look at the patients from the hospitals, thus being carried to safer places of healing, and almost bared their heads in salutation. There were hospital children in some of these ambulances,

and even new-born babies. What a thought; that the first event in the life of a new-born child should be to flee from the terror from the skies! "In trailing clouds of glory do we come, from God"—to Hitler!

But such thoughts were banished when we stood by the roadside school of a country village. It was the loveliest day, the village green never looked so green, nor the skies above the dark woods so blue. In the schoolyard were nurses and A R P officers, and a country policeman the embodiment of protective kindness. All were waiting for the visitors. "Here they come!" someone cried as two red London omnibuses bore down the long road, and the village children raised a cheer. Alas! the omnibuses, filled to the brim, went by.

Other buses came, by; they were filled with men in khaki; but at last the genuine article arrived, and shy London children stepped out of it sedately. Nurse or teacher or kindly villager claimed them as eagerly as if they had won them in a raffle.

A Glad Welcome

Tickets were identified, names called, and (crowning wonder of organisation) Alfred and Herbert, Lucy or Joan, were greeted by their Christian name. That soon put them at their ease.

Then the official ladies and gentlemen with yellow tickets collected the children of the same label, allotted them to the jolly-looking villagers who were to take charge of them; and children and hosts went off in great content—holding hands. Next day we went to the same village, which

had absorbed 250 children; and for a time wondered where they were. We found some of them climbing railings, or clustered about the forge, or wondering whether the pond on the green held tiddlers. But the most astonishing thing was that the green countryside seemed to have swallowed them up. There were traces of them, perhaps in their clothes, perhaps in their sharp cockney faces, but already they were part of the complete countryside. By now they will all be quite at home.

Our Hope For Years to Come

One last scene. It was on a Sunday of sun and breeze. Near the village is a big school for orphan boys, several hundreds of them. These had come back to the first Sunday service in the school chapel, and some of the little London minority sat at the back of the chapel. Very silent they were, as quiet as the well-drilled boys of the school; and they listened with deep attention. The man in the pulpit spoke to these solemn lads from London as man to man: "Be brave," he said, "be cheerful; be kind to one another; be unselfish."

Not a sound in the chapel as he spoke, and only the whisper of the leaves in the wind outside. But his words, it seemed to us, found an echo in those childish hearts; and they were answered when their voices were raised loud and clear in the last hymn:

*O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come.*

These children are our hopes for years to come. They are living through the Last War, and this year they are consecrated to the task of the years to come.



Forgetting their troubles by the seaside—a group of London children

The Minority Peoples in the Melting-Pot of Europe

THERE are 40 millions of people in Europe who dwell in countries not their own.

These are the Minorities. Nearly every country has one minority, and the number of them amounts in all to a population equal to that of England and Wales.

They have come into the country which surrounds them, sometimes willingly, but more often owing to the shifting of boundaries between neighbouring countries, which has left the Minority like an island surrounded by a new people. Before the Treaty of Versailles the number of the Minorities was 100 millions. By the alteration of frontiers which gave many of them back to their homeland their numbers were reduced to 30 millions. The additional 10 millions have been the result of recent annexations.

Agitating Europe Since the Middle Ages

This question of the rights of minorities has agitated Europe since the religious wars of the Middle Ages. The Treaty of Westphalia three centuries ago settled the religious rights of minorities for good as it was hoped. The Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations hoped to settle their civil rights in the same way.

A Commission of New States was set up to draw up treaties for the protection of minorities in Europe. It was very necessary because, owing to the new boundaries drawn up in Europe, and the new States, like Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, and Poland, carved out of old ones, a new mingling of citizens and aliens was a pressing problem.

Ten treaties were made and the Minorities named in them were placed under the guarantee of the League of Nations. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, Rumania, Greece, Austria, Armenia, Bulgaria, Hungary, and Greece were the nations concerned. The object of the treaties was to enable the Outlanders to acquire the nationality of their new country if they desired it, but chiefly to assure them the protection of their life and liberty and the free exercise of their religion.

Other clauses of the treaties stipulated for equality in the eye of the law, as well as in civil and political rights. These clauses have sometimes

been more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The right to their mother tongue has been allowed, but not always the right to instruct their children as they will.

It is because these provisions have been loosely observed that the most powerfully armed nation in Europe, Germany, has been able to find a pretext for violence in trumped-up tales of injustice done to the German minorities outside her borders.

Czecho-Slovakia had possibly half a million Sudeten Germans, which was Germany's pretext for first dismembering Czecho-Slovakia and then annexing six million Czechs. Germany has also three million Slovaks and about a million Poles within her borders.

In Poland there are probably one million Germans. Other minorities there are five million Ruthenians or Ukrainians. There is no reason for suggesting that these are, or have been, dissatisfied with the position they occupy.

To the Italian Empire a million Albanians have been recently added without any question of their willingness. There is another Minority of 600,000 Slovenes, but the 200,000 Germans, a Minority scurvily treated by the Italians in the matter of their civil rights and the education of their children, have been returned to Germany by the bargain between the Dictators a few months ago.

The Hungarians Outside their Homeland

Hungary has more Hungarians or Magyars outside its borders than any other European country. Rumania holds a million and a half of them owing to the enlargement of her territory 20 years ago; and this Minority has been a continual source of dissatisfaction in Hungary, which is not strong enough to alter it by force. Another half-million Magyars are a Minority in Yugo-Slavia.

These are the outstanding Minorities in the melting-pot of Europe, but there is hardly any country which has not a Minority population—countries like France, which affords a home to Italians and Spaniards, Estonia, Latvia, and Finland and the Scandinavian group. Awkward questions may arise from time to time in these countries, but in none of them is there, or could there be, an appeal to force to rectify them.

The appeal to force is reserved for the Outlaw and the Bully.

At Tientsin and Hong-Kong

EVEN a world staggered by the tragic events of these days has been appalled by the tragedy of the Tientsin floods.

The prosperity of the city and its neighbourhood depends entirely on the River Pei-ho, but from time to time this river converts itself from the role of a benevolent patron to that of a murderous tyrant.

What a land of contrasts unhappy, unoffending China really is! Its climate ranges from the tropical to the frigid, with products and animal life to match, for its area is 1,500,000 square miles. At Hong-Kong the

British residents swelter in moist heat which necessitates the constant use of fires in the house to dry boots, clothes, books, and everything necessary for use, which is drenched with the atmospheric moisture. Even the piano must have a little electric lamp constantly burning in its interior, or its wires will rust away.

At tragic Tientsin, on the other hand, the winter temperature falls below zero; the river is solid ice for three months, and so dry is the air that furniture and other woodwork split and crack as in a parched and arid desert.

THE FLANDERS POPPY THAT BLOOMED AFTER 20 YEARS

THE blooming of a Flanders poppy on a tank brought from the battlefields astonished our botanists the other day; for the seed must have buried itself in the tank for over 20 years. It is one more evidence of the vitality of seeds which has given rise to the old legend about mummy wheat. Mummy wheat, as all intelligent people know, does not grow. If the wheat grows it is not mummy wheat.

Yet there are certain seeds, as the C N has repeatedly shown, with remarkable powers of fertility, and the question of how long the seed will keep its vitality has again been raised at the Garfield Park Conservatory in Chicago, where two tubs of East Indian Pink Lotus have been nursed and watched this summer with almost bated breath, for they were grown from seeds known to be over a hundred years old.

Buried in a Lake

These seeds were discovered in southern Manchuria, buried beneath several feet of peat at the bottom of a lake drained between 160 and 250 years ago. Wind-drifted soil had gradually covered the area, and trees and other land vegetation began to grow. Today there are tall poplars, willows, and elms growing, and some that have been cut down show at least 120 annual rings. The data on these trees have helped to establish the minimum age of the thousands of lotus seeds which have been uncovered beneath the soil in which the trees grow.

The seeds look like small brown acorns, and their coats are as hard as glass and highly polished. Their hard coats kept the embryos inside in a living state, protecting them from weathering, changes of water, variations in oxygen supply, and from becoming fossilised.

The facts about the vitality of seeds have been collected in a bulletin issued by Kew Gardens, and as the C N has always sought to interest its readers in this fascinating question we give a summary of what is known on the subject. The American experiment is merely a repetition of a similar experiment which was successfully carried out by the British Museum some years ago.

In 1923 a Japanese botanist reported that he had found lotus seeds buried in the peat in the dry bed of a lake in the Pulantien River valley in Southern Manchuria. The trees growing over the seeds proved that they had been buried not less than 120 years, but geological considerations,

such as the rate of erosion in the vicinity, suggested the possibility that the seeds might have been lying there as long as 400 years. This, however, was mere theory, and there was no possible proof of much more than 120 years. The Japanese botanist (Ohga) planted some of the seeds, and they germinated almost without exception.

This is regarded as the record case of longevity in seeds for which there are authentic records.

In 1926 Mr Ohga gave 30 of the lotus seeds to the British Museum, with the suggestion that their vitality should be tested at intervals. Five years later the museum germinated two of the seeds and sent the seedlings to Kew Gardens, where they were potted and grew vigorously. The following year the plants flowered, and, except for the flowers and seed vessels being smaller, they were indistinguishable from lotus plants grown from recent seed.

There is overwhelming evidence that certain kinds of seeds retain their vitality for very long periods if they are buried or stored in favourable conditions, and many instances are on record of germination after 50 to 100 years. The so-called weeds destroyed by the gardener and the farmer are particularly resistant, and extraordinary stories are told of the seeds of weeds lying dormant for many years until the soil is disturbed and they are brought to the surface.

The Yellow Charlock Field

One instance given is of an arable field which had been put down to grass and kept as a hayfield and pasture for 16 years. One winter's day, when the ground was very soft, a wagon was driven across the field and the wheels made two deep furrows in the soil. The following spring the furrows were two yellow rows of charlock in flower, the seed having been brought up by the wagon wheels. Many farmers are aware of this fact and will not plough deep because it brings up the charlock; even after 20 years this yellow weed will cover a field if the ground is disturbed.

The poppies that grew so profusely on the battlefields of France and Flanders during the Great War sprang from seed which had been lying deeply buried many years and was brought up to the light and air when the ground was disturbed by heavy shellfire. It was one of these seeds that has yielded scarlet poppies this very year, after lying in a crevice on a tank set up as a peace memorial in England.

Things Not to be Sold Abroad

IN the last war the nation suffered most severely because goods which we greatly needed were first brought into the country and then sold abroad by merchants to make profit.

Tea is a case in point. It came mostly from India, and the voyage through the Mediterranean was difficult and dangerous. Many fine ships were sunk by the enemy on that perilous journey. Yet when the tea was safely got to England much of it was sent out again. Not only so, but it was found that the tea thus dealt in found

its way to the enemy through neutral countries! This sounds like a bad joke, but it is true.

It was not until 1916 that this process was stopped; we actually had a tea shortage because tea was thus got rid of.

Our present Government, profiting by the old experience, has fixed a long list of articles not to be exported to foreign nations except under licence, including so far many metals, cotton, flax, silk, mineral and other oils, rubber, mica, and so on.

PLAIN TEAS

One of our travelling friends has been sampling Yorkshire fare.

At a farmhouse in the north she was told that they only served plain teas, and thought she would try one, expecting a cup of tea and bread and butter. To her astonishment (and slightly to her embarrassment) she found herself sitting down to several rashers of fried ham, two eggs, white and brown bread, home-made scones, rhubarb tart, jam-tart, Yorkshire cheese-cakes, spice-cake, and walnut-cake. "Ah'll bring you summat else if tha'd like it," said the hostess.

REMEMBERING THE ENGINE-DRIVER

We have all heard of the old lady who tipped the engine-driver for taking her safely to her destination; now we hear that our drivers are not forgotten quite as much as we may have imagined.

One who worked for many years on the L M S tells us that he often received little gifts from passengers, among them a silver pin, a Bible, books, flowers, white heather, and gloves.

THE SMALLEST PARK

A bright patch of colour at the intersection of the busiest streets in Moncton, New Brunswick, is Stanley Park, which claims to be the smallest park in the world.

Three feet square, it is gay with beautiful flowers, green grass, and arches, and was named after a much-loved policeman who directed traffic at this intersection for many years until the traffic lights were installed.

270 INCHES OF RAIN

England's damp summer would have been considered almost a drought in Assam.

Cherrapunji, which has the reputation of being the wettest place in the world, has had more than 270 inches of rain in 11 weeks. The average rainfall for a year in the British Isles is about 28 inches, but Cherrapunji's average is about 36 feet. It is not unknown for a foot of rain to fall in one night.

The reason for this heavy rainfall is that the monsoon sweeping across the Bay of Bengal is suddenly forced upward when it encounters the mountains of Assam, and the rapid cooling has the effect of precipitating the moisture in downpours of rain. Cherrapunji, on the southern slopes of the mountains, gets the full force of this rain, but it does not suffer from floods as the valleys do.

WHY THE ESKIMOS STARED

When Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir visited Port Churchill on Hudson Bay recently they travelled in the Governor-General's luxurious train, which, among its other comforts, has air-conditioning equipment to control the temperature, humidity, and purity of the atmosphere in the coaches.

While the train was waiting a party of Eskimos was shown over it, and they were soon lost in wonder at its marvels. But their greatest astonishment was reserved for the sight they saw at one section of the train, where blocks of ice were being loaded into the bunkers of the air-conditioning plant.

The mad white men were actually heating the train and putting ice into it at the same time!

FISH BREAD

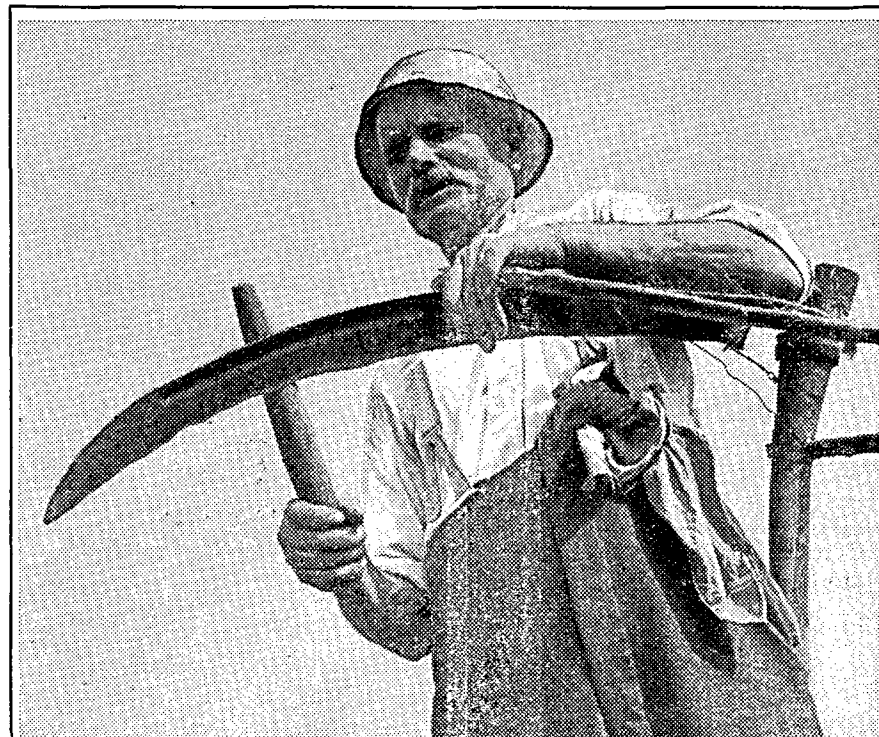
Bread made from fish is one of the products now being produced by the Fish Products Research Station at Bergen. It is made from the ground flesh, the fish being previously dried at a low temperature.

A Father Damien of Our Day

Few people might have been any the wiser about Father Honore's wonderful work among the lepers at Mua, Nyasaland, if it had not been for a tragic event.

Five years ago he discovered that through contact with so many lepers he had caught the disease. At once he left the headquarters of the White Fathers Mission at Mua and walked down the hill to the leper reserve. He built himself a small house, and, undaunted, started to do even better work among the patients, for now he could mix freely with them and could better understand the point of view

of sick people cut off from the world. Now Father Honore has had a wonderful reward. A few weeks ago the Nyasaland Government Leper Commission, set up to fight the terrible scourge of leprosy in Nyasaland, paid a visit to Mua. Three doctors, who have studied the latest methods of treating the disease, examined the different cases. Father Honore, who believed he would have to live in the reserve for the rest of his life, went before the doctors, and came away with a beaming face, for they told him the joyful and almost incredible news that he was cured.



The Old Harvester

Mr Charles Norris, who has worked for 30 years on a farm at Harrietsham, Kent, still harvests with a scythe

ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

It is good to know that there are some parts of South Africa where the report of guns is not the only human sound heard by wild animals.

A C N reader writes to tell us that every evening a musician living in an old homestead on the veld sits out on his front porch and plays his banjo to the creatures of the wild.

As the silvery notes trickle through the still night air cows, bullfrogs, toads, finches, and sparrows gather round to listen to the music. The long grass rustles with a hidden audience, while from a stream come steenbok ewes, forgetting their shyness.

THE MOTORIST'S POST-BOX

Motorists in Salt Lake City need not get out of their cars to post their letters. All they have to do is to draw up beside a box, pull a chain which opens an extended letter-drop, and drop the letter in.

Daisy's Tangled Tail

From Australia comes this delightful tale of plain horse-sense.

DICK, a shaggy old horse, shared a paddock near the little town of Homebush with Daisy, a cow. Piled high near a fence was a heap of rusted hoop-iron, and one day Daisy's tail became caught in the tangled mass. The more she pulled the faster her tail seemed to be gripped. Poor Daisy became frantic as she swayed from side to side in an effort to get free, so frantic, in fact, that men who

wished to help could not get near her. Then Dick the horse appeared on the scene. He too was willing to lend a hand, or, rather, a hoof.

Cautiously he approached step by step, whinnying quietly as he came close to his friend. Gently but firmly Dick edged Daisy into a corner, placed a hoof on the hoop-iron to hold it to the ground, and thus enabled Daisy to release her tail, slowly, perhaps painfully, but none the less with certainty.

THE ANCIENT ROBOT

Most of us would say that traffic lights in our streets are a distinctive feature of the second quarter of the 20th century, but it seems that the robot was known as far back as the Victorian Era.

At any rate, Bradford had traffic signals in 1868. In the form of a cross, each signal had a pair of arms, and when the arms were lowered a green light showed. This meant caution. When the arms were extended and a red light was visible the signals were at stop so far as traffic was concerned, thus allowing pedestrians to cross in safety.

THE PIGEONS IN THE LIBRARY

Although Brooklyn's new public library is not officially opened yet, every corner inside and out of the £1,000,000 building has been settled by hundreds of pigeons, who coo contentedly as they nest in bookstacks, open desk drawers, and ventilators. The second floor has been invaded by 200 feathered inhabitants, while there are 500 outside the library. We are told that the invasion is driving the library officials to distraction.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

The millions of Chinese who will use the new banknotes soon to be circulated throughout China will little realise that this money was printed in England. The Government Central Bank of China has given contracts to two British banknote printers for over a billion notes, which will be sent to China by different routes when printed, the original plates being kept in England for further use.

LITTLE BIG THINGS

Is it true that British teeth are the worst in Europe?

The reason is said to be clear enough. No other country has so large a proportion of its people divorced from life on the land and simple living. Those who eat plain fare keep their teeth in good order quite naturally. Those who live in towns on soft foods have to take the greatest care to keep their teeth in good order. Even dogs when kept in towns and fed on soft foods are afflicted with diseased gums and teeth.

The teeth are little things, but their importance cannot be overrated. Sir Norman Bennett, a great authority, declares that the present provision for the care of children's teeth is inadequate. There is school treatment, but before school age much mischief is done by neglect.

A healthy mouth and sound teeth are such treasures that a scheme of national dentistry is surely called for, from infancy to age.

OLD TREASURES OF CORBY

Notable discoveries have been made at Corby in Lincolnshire during the renovation of the church. A mass dial has been found, two old crosses, and a peephole from the nave to the chancel.

But the most remarkable discoveries are in the clerestory and over the chancel arch, for here have been found traces of wall-paintings which have been hidden for half a thousand years.

So far the people of Corby have been thrilled to find that high above their heads are figures of the Madonna and Child, with kings and a shepherd, as well as what is believed to be a portrait of Ursula with her companions. Part of a Doom has been traced over the chancel arch, and it is hoped that more of it will be rescued from oblivion.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 16 1939

Not Alone

WE love our first war story. She was an old lady of 82, whose boy came safely through the Great War. She laid him in his grave the other day, so that he just missed this.

During the first air raid warning in North London a warden found her in the street, and she drew his attention to a group of people, saying, "Don't you think those people should be indoors?"

Looking down from an upper window a neighbour called out to her, "Mrs —, are you alone?" And the dear old lady called back, "Well, there's nobody else in the house, but I am not alone."

What Shall We Call It?

WHAT shall we call the war? In ten thousand books the war of 1914 stands as the Great War or the World War, and neither label can be used again.

The C N votes for *The Last War*.

With God and With the Seas

LET us be backed with God and with the seas

Which He hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Shakespeare

What They WERE Doing

WHAT were they doing in London when war came? many people have been asking, and one answer is that they were gilding the statue of Justice on the Old Bailey and setting up new fountains in Trafalgar Square!

It can hardly be said that people are hysterical or afraid who spend such days as these in gilding justice and building fountains.

Then and Now

THOSE who noticed in the papers the other day the mention of Mrs Fitzherbert's coffin must have felt that in spite of the evil things of these days the world has moved forward. In Mrs Fitzherbert's day one of the most famous political leaders, Charles James Fox, deliberately lied to the House of Commons by declaring that Mrs Fitzherbert was not married to the Prince of Wales. Mr Fox knew the statement to be false.

It is not thinkable that any public man could stand up in Parliament and tell a lie today.

That very law which moulds a tear And bids it trickle from its source, That law preserves the earth a sphere And guides the planets in their course.

Samuel Rogers

JUST AN IDEA

In these days it is good to remember the old proverb which says that a good hope is better than a bad possession.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Standeth God Within the Shadow

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth for ever on the scaffold; Wrong for ever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Then to side with Truth is noble, when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone

While the men they agonised for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine.
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

For Humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling faggots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

From James Russell Lowell's appeal to America in the war against slavery

Under the Editor's Table



Peter Puck
Wants to
Know

If the cobbler puts himself in other people's shoes

A PEDESTRIAN should look where he is going. Or go where he is looking.

A WALKING-STICK has been made from 3000 letters. They must have got the stick from the envelopes.

A MOTORIST turned red when he found he had passed the traffic lights. So had the traffic lights.

THE baby giraffe at Whipsnade is 5 feet 3. Expects to have a high time.

SOME women seem to take naturally to flying. Like to be up and doing.

George The Fifth Calling

It is good just now to read again the last words that King George the Fifth spoke to the children.

TO the children I would like to send a special message. Let me say this to each of them whom my words may reach: *The King is speaking to you. I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up always keep this thought before you; and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind, and your heart.*

These are the last words the King sent to the children of London schools:

You are the heirs of a great past; but the future is yours, and is your high responsibility. Each of you must try to be a good citizen in a good city. To this end you must make the best of all your powers. Strive to grow in strength, in knowledge, and in grace. If you persist bravely in this endeavour you will work worthily for your family, your city, your country, and for mankind.

So to live, in whatever sphere, must be noble and may be great. My confident trust is in you.

Mein Kampf at the Altar

IT is stated that, though there were more German marriages than usual on the eve of the war, copies of Mein Kampf were not given to the couples.

Perhaps because one of its sentences is this:

A German-Russian Alliance would be the end of Germany.

A Note From Vienna

IT is good to see that wit is sometimes linked with courage in a victim of Nazi oppression.

A great friend of the C N has devoted her time without stint for six months to setting free two of Herr Hitler's captives, and they are free at last; and a brother's note of thanks from Vienna asks this tireless friend of ours and of humanity:

Are you taking a holiday? It seems the only thing you can do now, for what can you do with yourself all the time in London if we did not keep you busy? Or perhaps you will apply for unemployment pay now you have lost your job?

He, poor citizen of Vienna, himself is waiting, longing to be free, but it is a brave spirit that can laugh at such adversity.

A Little Prayer

WHEN falls the night,
And stars all peep,
God grant that we
May calmly sleep.

When in good time
The dawn shall break,
God grant that we
May gladly wake.

H. L. G.

When armies are raised and issues joined, it is he who does not delight in war that wins. Chinese saying

London Needs More Tree-Men

It is gratifying to hear of the fine work of the Men of the Trees, who have recently been holding a conference at Cambridge. Would it not be possible for them to devote something of their expert enthusiasm to the streets of London?

Of late years we have had a great tree-planting campaign in London, and streets and roads once treeless have been in blossom time like flowery avenues. But attention is too largely confined to planting, with rare visits of inspection.

The young trees grow and develop fine crowns which, with their trunks insufficiently supported, they are unable to carry safely when heavy weather comes. The cord by which they are attached to the stakes is not renewed; it breaks; down goes the tree before the wind, with its trunk so strained or broken that death immediately follows.

A reader tells us of one suburban road which, a picture of beauty at its best, has lost so many trees in this way that, with saplings constantly replacing big dead trees, the paths are a jagged irregularity of ages and sizes, with all symmetry and charm quite gone.

A Man of the Trees on each of our local authorities would insist that the renewal of cords and stakes is as important as the constant planting and replanting of trees doomed by want of care.

The Grass Field Beats the Plough

British grassland has beaten British arable land since 1914.

The good word arable, of course, means ploughed land; the word is from a Latin word meaning plough.

In 1914 the arable land of England and Wales was 11,000,000 acres, which by 1918 had increased to about 12,500,000 acres, the growth of ploughed land being due to the fears of a shortage of food crops due to the use of the submarine.

In the years that have elapsed grass has gained at the expense of arable, and now England and Wales have less than 9,000,000 ploughed acres.

This is a great pity for we need all the home food we can raise. Grassland gives us meat and milk, butter and cheese, but the food raised on an acre of arable feeds four times as many people as the food raised on an acre of grass.

Fortunately, improved cultivation enables us to raise as much wheat as in 1914 on less arable, but the position is by no means satisfactory. We actually import the wheat that makes four loaves out of five we eat, and as regards the staff of life we are fed from overseas.

As the Minister of Agriculture broadcast last week, the nation must and will increase its home cultivation. We do well with potatoes; we can produce more still, and potatoes are an excellent inferior bread. We are already preparing to produce more corn and potatoes. Every fresh ton produced relieves our shipping and the navy that has to protect it.

TO ALL OUR PEOPLE



From the King in His Palace and the Prime Minister in the Cabinet Room

On Sunday last week, a day that must forever live in history, these brave words were spoken to the nation, the King speaking from his Palace, the Prime Minister from the Cabinet Room.

THE MOST FATEFUL HOUR IN OUR HISTORY

By the King

In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself.

For the second time in the lives of most of us we are at war. Over and over again we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies. But it has been in vain. We have been forced into a conflict. For we are called, with our allies, to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilised order in the world.

It is the principle which permits a State, in the selfish pursuit of power, to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges; which sanctions the use of force, or threat of force, against the sovereignty and independence of other States.

Such a principle, stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right; and if this principle were established throughout

the world the freedom of our own country and of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations would be in danger. But far more than this—the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of the security of justice and liberty among nations would be ended.

This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world's order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge.

It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas, who will make our cause their own. I ask them to stand calm, firm, and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail.

May He bless and keep us all.

THE EVIL THINGS WE FIGHT AGAINST

By the Prime Minister

You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me that all my long struggle to win peace has failed.

Up to the very last it would have been quite possible to have arranged a peaceful and honourable settlement between Germany and Poland, but Hitler would not have it. His action shows convincingly that there is no chance of expecting that this man will ever give up his practice of using force to gain his will. He can only be stopped by force.

We and France are going to the aid of Poland, so bravely resisting this wicked and unprovoked attack on her

people. We have a clear conscience. We have done all that any country could do to establish peace. The situation in which no word given by Germany's ruler could be trusted and no people or country could feel themselves safe has become intolerable, and now that we have resolved to finish it I know that you will all play your part with calmness and courage.

Now may God bless you all. May He defend the right. It is evil things that we shall be fighting against—brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression, and persecution—and against them I am certain that the right will prevail.

The Pound is Down and Gold is Up

Among the current mysteries little understood by the British citizen is the fact that the pound sterling has fallen in value.

The Government has decided no longer to maintain its value in a definite relation to the American dollar by using gold to keep up the level. This process was called "pegging the pound."

As a consequence the pound has fallen. It is no longer equal to 4.68 dollars, but varies from day to day; the immediate effect was to cause it to drop to about 4.4 dollars.

This change has remarkable effects. First, it causes the price of gold to rise. Gold actually rose early last week to the price of 168 shillings per fine ounce. Second, it helps us to export goods, as they can be quoted more cheaply in pounds. Third, it increases the price of our imports, so that we must expect to pay more for imported goods.

A Strange Fact About the Oak Tree

A correspondent of a grown-up paper has been reminding us that the oak is struck by lightning more frequently than any other tree.

He says that no beech, birch, horse-chestnut, or holly bush has been struck in this country since 1932.

No other objects are struck by lightning so often as trees, and no kind of tree is absolutely free from danger, though some are much more liable to be struck than others. Sycamore, elder, and hornbeam are fairly safe, but oak, ash, larch, and elm are frequently struck.

Of course, it would be unwise to assume that any kind of tree is safe for shelter in a thunderstorm; but if we are caught out of doors it is better to seek a holly tree or any other short bush, so long as it does not stand alone in the open. We should avoid crowds, for there is reason to believe that the column of warm air rising above a number of people breathing in a restricted space forms a possible path of conductivity for lightning. To use an umbrella in a thunderstorm is to court disaster.

The Peewit of Ferryhill

One day in the spring a man at Ferryhill found a young peewit which seemed to have been deserted. Taking compassion on the poor creature, he picked it up, carried it to two friends, and asked if they would take care of it till it was able to fly. They said they would, and the half-starved and neglected bird was cared for.

It grew up to be a fine bird, and the time came to set it free. They took it into a field, opened its cage, and let it fly away, expecting to see it no more. But that evening the peewit was back. The next morning it flew off to the green fields and the woods, and again it returned in the evening, anxious to be fussed over.

So it has gone on ever since. The peewit has his liberty, flying where he pleases all day, but every night sleeping under the roof of the people who have been kind to him.

THE LIFE LINE OF CIVILISATION

Oil—the Great Need of the Nations

IN our own time oil has leapt into first place of importance in any great war; it has become the lifeline of civilisation. It lifts the aeroplane, it drives the car, propels the ship, warms the kitchen boiler, makes the road, and lubricates the factory and the farm.

There is hardly an industry into which it does not flow, and all these modern activities combined consume nearly 250 million tons of petroleum every year. Some of them would never have become active without it. The plane would never have risen above the clouds without the engine which was driven by explosion of petroleum gas. Coal, which was the world's chief fuel, and may be so again, could not be employed to raise the plane, because the task of making a coal-burning engine light enough was beyond the powers of the engineer. Sir Hiram Maxim once made a steam-driven engine which carried a plane along a track and lifted it a foot or two above the rails, but its performances were too futile for the inventor to pursue

them further. It was liquid fuel that made flight possible.

The importance of the aeroplane to the civilisation of our time, though obscured by the threat of the bombing aeroplane to all the civilisation so hardly won, cannot be overrated. It has annihilated distance between country and country, between continent and continent. It has narrowed the oceans; it has consolidated countries like the United States; it has served humanity in scattered communities like those of Australia or North-West Canada by the institution of medical air-services; and it should have brought all peoples to a better understanding by enabling them to visit one another with ease and swiftness. So it may yet be, when the madness which has urged warlike nations to employ the chief invention of the Twentieth Century for destruction passes away.

Oil is the food of the plane. It has, through the petrol-driven car, changed the habits of people in town and country still more. Everybody is

nowadays on the move. Some time ago we heard an official at the Zoo asked who it was that went to Whipsnade, and the answer was, "The small car." The man and his family in the small car can easily make journeys which 40 years ago would seldom have been thought of; and for those without a car there is the bus and the motor-coach, which now cover the country more searchingly than the railway train. That fact is another triumph of oil over steam.

The railways themselves may yet have to call in oil, as the steamships have done, though at present they are putting up a splendid resistance with the help of the steam-fed electro-turbine. But who shall say whether oil instead of coal will not some day compete with coal in producing electric power? Heavy oil engines are already on the way. Roads are welded together by spreading asphalt mixtures over them; and asphalt is one solidified product of oil. It is a useful provision of Nature that most of our asphalt comes from the almost inexhaustible asphalt lake of Trinidad, which also puts out two million tons of oil a year.

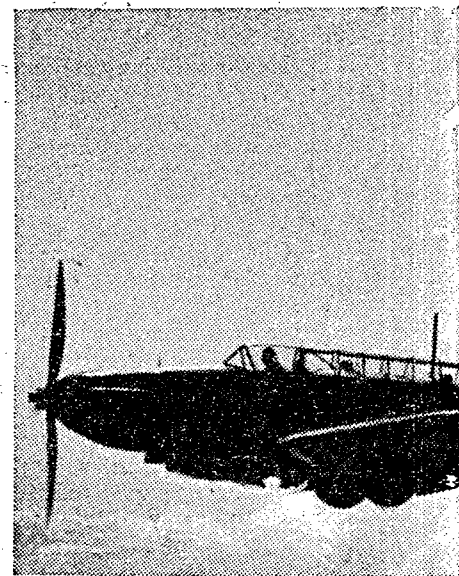
Every Machine That Works Must Have Oil

ALL these supplies, except asphalt, are oil to burn. There remains oil for lubrication. The pistons and cylinders of planes would not last long unless oil were spread over them. Lubricating oils are indispensable in steam-driven turbines, so that even a ship that moves on coal power must have oil as well. Oil must be on the spot wherever machinery whirls and cranks. The cotton mills must have it. Refrigerating machinery would not work without it. In short, every machine made of parts which roll or slide over one another must have oil to lessen the friction between them.

Once on a railway journey, when a wheel-tapper was going the length of the train tapping the grease-boxes of the wheels to make sure they were sound and not overheated, a young girl asked what he was doing, and why. She was told, and an old lady in the corner added, "Cannot you read a great moral lesson in that, my dear?" There is a great lesson in it; it is that grease, or oil, smooths the wheels of life.

Oil Was Ready Before Man Arrived on Earth

MUCH of the value of oil in civilised life has become plain as more oil has come into use. When the first city (the Latin name of which gives us the word civilisation) was built oil came into use, but the Stone Age men must have known of it. It may be that the very earliest men, such as the Ape Man who walked upright in Java or the first man of Peking, may have stumbled on the use of fire by coming on a pool of it. It seeps up through the crust of the earth, which is always in movement, sometimes through the rocks, but more often in coarse sandy places or limestones surrounded by clay or compact rock.



Geologists can explain this, but we may be content with the fact that oil does seep up in many lands. About 100 years ago a Scotsman, James Young, found a small seepage of oil in Derbyshire, and made a good profit out of it. Few have done as well in England since, but in some places, like Western China, oil so often appears above ground that the inhabitants of the towns do not know what to do with it. There was till recently a small walled town there which burned oil in quantities, night and day, on the ramparts to scare away robbers.

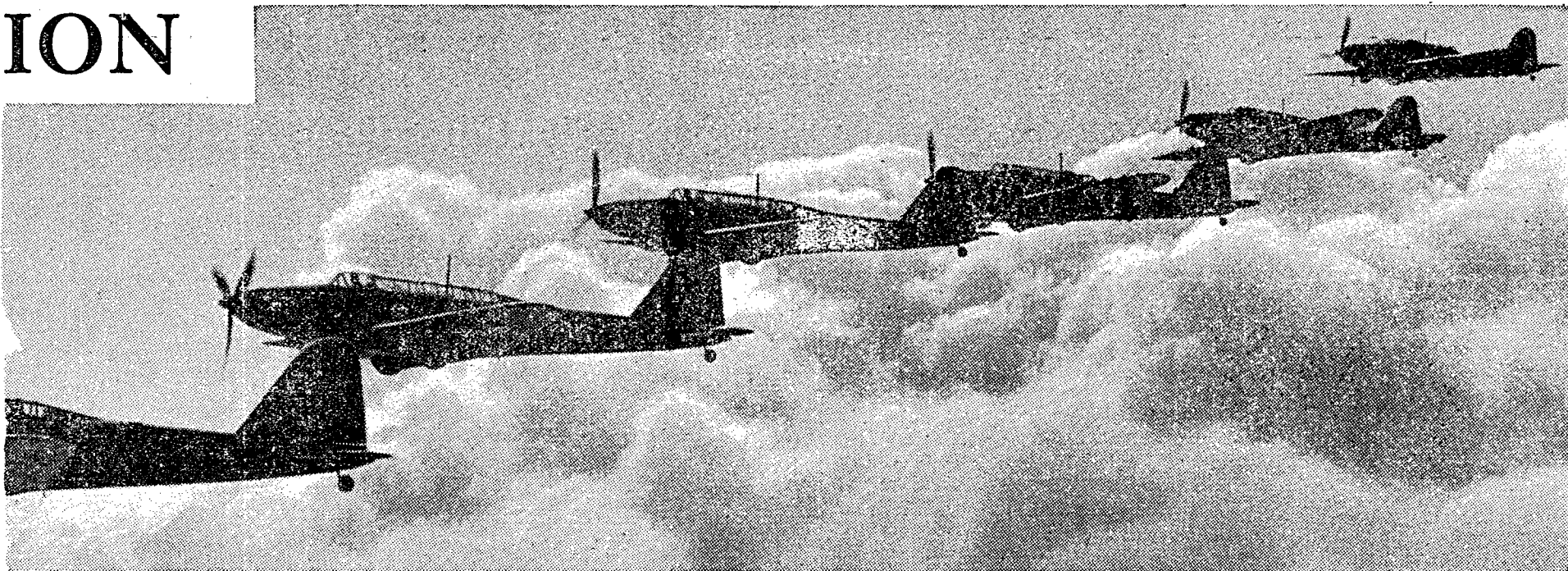
This is a modern example, but ancient history furnishes many more. The Zoroastrians, who followed the philosophy of King Zoroaster in Bactria 2500 years ago, worshipped the flames of natural gas issuing from the Persian oilfields. The Chinese struck oil in asphalt-like places by digging holes in them at least as long ago; and afterwards, like the Burmese tribes, sank wells to collect it. Nebuchadnezzar waterproofed the Hanging Gardens of Babylon with bitumen (another solid form of petroleum), and the Sumerians, who were in Babylonia thousands of years before him, knew that bitumen would burn, and therefore, like him, must have used it to light their palaces or dwellings. It is an odd thought that the towers of Babylon were possibly floodlighted with petroleum flares.

A Gift from the Most Ancient Life of the World

WHERE does this precious fluid come from, and how long will it last? Science has not quite made up its mind about either question, but on the balance it leans to the idea that petroleum is a gift from the most ancient life of the world, which began in the sea. Over and over again since when "the waters which were under the firmament were divided from the waters which were above the firmament" oily fish have swum in the sea. But in the most ancient sea, then accumulating salts while the earliest rocks were being laid down in it, there was life, and microscopic animals and plants. Later, amid the deep sea ooze made up partly of their remains, bigger creatures and higher forms of life flourished, such as the sponge, the jellyfish, the trilobite. In their bodies were fats and oils. They yielded them up as they suffered their sea burial.



Oil in England—Filling a great tank with the precious fluid from an English well



Without oil from the depths of the earth planes would never have risen above the clouds—Fairey Battlers of the R A F in flight

They were the foundation stones of the Oil Age. A learned friend of ours maintains that our civilisation rides on the trilobite. That hoary ancestor lived in the days of the Cambrian rock deposits. His descendants have been following his example of laying down oil for our use ever since, and are doing so still, though not so fast as we are using it up. This, we should say, is not the only explanation which has been offered of the existence of reservoirs of oil among the rocks. It is the one most favoured by science, which does not, however, exclude the possibility of the formation of what is usually described as mineral oil, by chemical action, heat, and pressure, among the rocks after they have been laid down.

America as the Greatest Producer of Oil

THE question how long the oil will last is a big one. At present the plane, the car, the machine, the kitchen boiler, use up 246 million tons of oil a year. It comes from 25 countries, but 8 countries are the chief producers. The United States leads the way with nearly two-thirds of the quantity, 150 million tons, and has recently been pouring it out while pumping it up at the rate of 870 million barrels a year.

Russia comes next with 26 million tons, and Venezuela next with 23 millions. After the Big Three come in descending order as producers Rumania, Persia, the Dutch East Indies, Mexico, and Iraq, whose oil-field and famous oil pipeline to the Mediterranean were described in the C N some months ago.

Colombia, Peru, the Argentine, Trinidad, and India contribute each two million tons a year, and the last few years Canada has come into the picture as an oil producer. The Turner Valley, 30 miles long, south-west of Winnipeg, is steadily increasing its output, and may in time take third, or even second place, as a source of supply in the British Empire. Trinidad produces 15 million barrels a year, Burma and Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf each about half that quantity, and the Turner Valley is catching them up.

Still the question how long it will last remains unanswered. A leading authority in the oil world admitted recently that the existing oil-wells in

the United States had probably only an average of seven years longer to live. It should also be noted that while the United States were getting oil at the rate of 650 million barrels a year they calculated that there were annual discoveries equal to 820 million barrels. Production was speeded up to 895 million barrels a year, and still the reserves mounted higher and higher with new discoveries. But then the reserves began to drop, and it is now estimated that if no more oil is found, then the United States will exhaust all its oil in another 37 years.

There is one flaw in this calculation. The known oil-wells fail, but others are found. The earth is a big place, and a great share of it has been under water at some time or other in the 1000 million years or more since the trilobite felt its blind way among the Cambrian ooze. Always some fresh source of oil is being found, and calculations about its exhaustion are as speculative as those which used to be made about the exhaustion of coal. Since petroleum came into the market 27,000 million barrels of oil have gone up in flame. Much more was wasted before then, and is wasted now; but if all this oil were put together in a tank the whole reservoir would be less than a cubic mile in bulk; and there are 64 million cubic miles in the crust of the earth.

The oil formed in the depths of the sea, like the coal deposited aeons ago below marshy forests, did not remain there. The floor of the sea was uplifted into dry land, and the pressures and strains, the crumpling and up-lifting applied to it, twisted it into strange forms, so that this solid sand or limestone has become in appearance almost like waves of the sea. The oil laid down many millions of years ago is found in its folds.

Spongelike Layers Between Non-Porous Rocks

SOME of these ancient rocks are sponge-like and have been holding quantities of water, oil, and gas from the beginning of their history. Suppose these sponge-like layers are sandwiched between upper and lower layers of rock that do not let fluids through them; then in the buckling and crumpling the water sinks to the lowest part of the porous layer, the

gas rises to the highest part, and the oil lies between. It is the business of the oil man to find it.

He has been seeking and finding it for many years. The Chinese drilled wells for salt water and found oil in it before America was on the map; but the well-drilling for oil as it is conducted now in the United States is only 80 years old.

George Bissell, an American business man, saw an advertisement describing oil that had been found in a salt-well near the Allegheny River as possessed of wonderful medicinal virtues; and had the idea of drilling, not for salt, but for oil on his own land in Pennsylvania. He sank a well with the help of a railway conductor and a blacksmith. His neighbours smiled when the drill came to rock 36 feet down; but the drillers persisted, pierced the rock, and at 69 feet struck oil—and the oil boom began.

Oil's Place in the Policies of Nations

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN of Yale University gave scientific advice, and John D. Rockefeller, then a young man of 20, saw the profit in making a business of distributing the oil, and organised the Oil Trust, which was so powerful an influence in the United States, and which in combination with companies and trusts in other lands has given oil a leading place in the policies of nations. Every modern nation must have oil.

It is sought now with every resource of science and engineering. Geologists examine the lie of strata to discover where it is likely to be found. Prospectors search for seepages, and question the inhabitants of the suspected region. All the ancient oilfields of Persia, Burma, Java, and Russia were discovered from such surface leaks of oil. But research has other resources. Holes are drilled with hollow bits which bring up cores of the strata explored for examination. The fossils of the rocks may also afford clues. Aerial surveys by planes are made of the lie of the land. Artificial earthquakes are made with charges of dynamite, and the resulting tremors are inspected for information about the kind of rock they have travelled through and the depths where rocks lie. Electricity and magnetism and the variations of gravity can all tell tales.

Oil-bearing salt domes deep down in the strata on the Gulf Coast of North America were found by the gravity and earthquake tests.

When the depth and extent of the oil are located the drill comes into play to make the well from which the oil must be brought up. Oil-wells more than 9000 feet deep have been drilled. There may be preliminary borings of 1000 feet, but a 5000-foot boring calls for drilling machinery, which, with the 80-foot derrick supporting it, will weigh 400 tons. A photograph of the derricks on a busy oilfield gives an impressive idea of the efforts that have to be made to get the precious oil up the jointed steel-cased sections of pipe thrust down into the earth.

There is one Texas oil-well more than two miles deep. It is expected that wells three miles deep will be sunk with rotary drills. More astonishing than their depth is their number. In the United States alone are more than 300,000 wells, and 20,000 new holes are drilled every year. One out of three is a failure, and, as the average cost of a well is about £5000, something like £33,000,000 a year is spent in vain.

But those producing paying oil are a recompense for all the cost and all the labour, and there is always the hope that a new well may produce thousands of barrels a day, though the average is only about eight barrels.

America's Wonderful Pipe-Line System

WHEN the oil has been got up it has to be distributed. Oil is still measured by the barrel, and by the barrel it used to be carried by rail or road. This expensive carriage is now replaced wherever it is possible by the pipeline. Nine-tenths of the oil of the United States is moved through pipelines; and the American pipe-line system is one of the wonders of the world. Where there is oil there is also natural gas, and that, too, after being long neglected, is also carried by pipe to where it will do most good. Oil lines and natural-gas lines in the United States reach together the immense total of 269,000 miles. The crude oil pipe-lines alone are 116,000 miles long, and this vast network of supply goes from ocean to ocean, with trunk lines alone of 60,000 miles to supply America and all the world.

SO SHINES A GOOD DEED IN A CRUEL WORLD

Saved by the CN From Hitler's Clutches

AMONG England's riches we place foremost the great store of human kindness in the hearts of her people. Three times this year the CN has tapped this store; not once has it been found wanting.

First, on February 18, we published a letter from an innocent couple under the heading, A VOICE FROM VIENNA. Later we opened the fund for saving Two Boys from Vienna. Lastly we published passages from three of the most pitiful of the letters that come in from readers abroad, asking for help for their children or friends.

To each of these appeals response has been generous. Over twenty voices answered the Voice from Vienna, £150 has come in for our Two Boys, who are now safe, and several definite offers of help have come in reply to the group of letters we published on July 22.

There, on the one side, is the need—intense, acute, heartrending; here is the sympathy, the ability, the will to help; but between the two stretch seas of apathy and mountains of difficulty.

It is right, perhaps, that there should be a Hill of Difficulty, if only to test the wind of the travellers. But it is our experience that the reasonable hills have been raised into mountains so formidable that they not only waste our national wealth of kindness but imperil the very lives of those it is sought to save.

Gretel's Appeal

To take the last first. CN readers will remember the appeal from a girl of 16 for a home for herself and her brother, aged 12, that appeared on July 22. We will call them Hansel and Gretel.

A gentleman has written from Warwickshire offering to take Gretel into his home and train her to do useful work, as well as to find a home for Hansel with one of his friends, "so that, coming to a strange country and people, they would not be so lonely, having each other to see," as he puts it.

With all this goodwill in his heart, these are the difficulties he meets.

First, when he asks his friends if they can find room in their home for a boy of 12, send him to school, and see that he is trained for a trade, he must also ask them to deposit £50 to be used toward the lad's emigration expenses when he becomes 18. For if a better life can be found for these young people overseas in a few years it is right that provision should be made for them to attain it.

A still steeper mountain bars Gretel's path—that courageous little nursemaid of 16, a reader of the CN, who wrote to the Editor in her own uncertain English asking him to make her family's difficult plight known to his readers. As Gretel is 16 she can only be admitted to this country as a Trainee, and the deposit for bringing in a Trainee is £100.

The gentleman in Warwickshire has two children of his own to provide

for. He hesitates in the face of this mountain, as would many another. "My wife and I would like very much to help this child and her brother," he writes, "and, although we are not without means, we do not feel it is just to call upon those who are willing to give a home with its financial burden and all the time and care it would involve, and then ask such a deposit."

No Right to Work

We hazard the guess that there are thousands of homes in England where an extra child-in-distress could be lovingly cared for, but where no £100 is available today or tomorrow to be laid down on deposit.

The third letter of this July 22 collection, about a motherless girl, already in England, and the sad plight of her father in Austria, moved a good lady in Hampshire to offer to befriend the child and see what she can do to bring the father out of his torment. The mountain she faces is not quite so high. As the father is over 60 he will not be required to emigrate, so she need make no deposit. She merely needs to sign a promise that she will be responsible for the man's moral and material wellbeing while he is in England. And the man must not accept employment.

These are hard conditions, for how is a strong, healthy man of 64 to keep reasonably happy in a new country unless he can work, and work hard? But there are many sorts of work other than paid employment, and we believe that this man will find it.

News of Our Boys

Of the two lads for whom the CN Fund was started, the younger one has arrived, and the older one has escaped from the threat of a concentration camp that hung over his head in the land of his birth but has not yet reached these shores. We have been in touch with him through the Movement for the Care of Children from Germany, but the Crisis in Europe has snapped our link with him.

The younger boy, aged 14, separated from his friend, has felt rather forlorn and homesick since he came to England. He is the only child of self-respecting, middle-class parents. He is now at a training hostel at Bristol. Are there any CN readers near there who would like to ask him home now and then, on his free day, to a meal? He is Josef Weber, and his address is Boys' Training Centre, Ham Green, Pill, near Bristol.

Answering the Voice from Vienna has taken the CN over the steepest mountains of all.

The Voice, readers may remember, came from a married couple who asked permission simply to live. They offered to do any sort of work—to run a house, scrub, clean—anything, in return for one small room and food.

Zero hour, when they must leave Austria, was very near. They had tried to emigrate to Australia, to San Domingo, to the United States, to Mexico—all without success. Finally

they secured a place in a mass emigration scheme to go to one of the South American republics with an equatorial climate. They sold their household gear, their warm clothes, their winter coats. They packed their tropical kit and were at the station ready to leave when the permission was cancelled. The letter to an unknown friend in England which found its way to the CN was their last cry of despair. It brought 22 offers of help from the sound heart of our people, but it encountered mountains of difficulty, snarl upon snarl of red tape.

"As sincere a cry of human need as ever I have printed," said the Editor, "and over twenty proposals to meet it," counting the sheaf of letters. What to do next? He pushed the whole lot into an envelope, addressed it to a trained social worker with a big heart and 20 years of experience of international organisations, and scribbled a note: Please get these people here!

A Question of Race

The social worker (let us call her Miss X) went at once to Refugee Headquarters; but there no one could help her, because she did not know the race or religion of the people in trouble.

"But what does it matter?" she asked. "They are human; their case is desperate. And here is a sackful of wanting-to-help. All I need to know is how to put this will-to-help to work to save these people."

"Sorry, we can do nothing for you until we know whether they are Jews or Christians." So, on February 21, the first bit of precious time was wasted writing to Vienna to find this out.

Altogether Miss X has had 16 interviews, written 40 letters, and received 32 concerning this case, and the couple, penniless, were kept in suspense month after month.

Another mountain was found in the fact that they were willing to work for the rest of their lives just for their keep, this seeming to rank almost as a crime. If they are coming here for domestic employment they must be paid standard wages, £100 a year.

This rule compelled Miss X to discard over half of the letters offering help, and she then concentrated on those offering a home plus work and wages. Of these, all that came from big towns were discarded, for refugees are only allowed to accept posts which English servants refuse, in the depths of the country. One from the country seemed a good offer:

We live in a fairly big house with just a maid besides ourselves. We feel we could do something to help.

No, it would not quite do. But the next, in a firm and resolute hand from an address in the country, seemed the best of all; an interview was arranged, and on March 2 Mrs Y and Miss X entered into an agreement to see this case through to the end. That was nearly six months ago.

They have been in touch with each other, working together, waiting and hoping, for six months. Any but the staunchest of characters would have given up long ago. It has needed the obstinate endurance of a fanatic.

Smuggled Out of Bondage

One difficulty has been that the man whose plight is so desperate is over the age (45) arbitrarily fixed as the upper limit for refugees applying for domestic service. To bolster up her plea that an exception should be made in this instance Miss X found a café proprietor in Kensington who offered to guarantee that, should this couple ever fall out of work or become ill, they will not be a charge on public funds, he will take care of them—another stout heart of Old England.

Because efforts were afoot to help him to emigrate, the Nazis postponed Zero Hour for our man until March 31. But then, when the concentration camp yawned and there was no news from the Home Office, he dare wait no longer. Somehow he got himself smuggled out of Germany; and by the earnestness of his plea and the obvious honesty of his face he managed to persuade the authorities of a small country which shall be nameless, between here and there, to extend his permission to stay from week to week. To safeguard his wife, we are not sending this story to print until we hear that she has joined him. After that, as they now have their permit for England, it will be only a few days before they will be face to face with the absorbing mysteries of preparing English tea and buttered toast and all the other things that will be new and strange to them.

The appearance of this article means that she has now been set free and is in England, having been detained in Germany to suffer weeks of cruelty and oppression and robbery before they would release her, even with her British passport in order.

The Pity of it All

Here we have spoken of matters touching our own experience, problems confronting eight refugees. Multiply these problems by 15,000 and you will have an idea of the size of the German refugee trouble last year, when 140,000 people were forced penniless into other lands.

Our Government, we are glad to report, at last sees that the size and scope of this problem surpasses the capacities of the voluntary agencies. We hope that this will lead to a thorough reorganisation of the various bureaux that deal, as best they can, with these matters, as well as to the levelling of all the useless mountains that block the path of innocent people and dam the flow of our nation's greatest wealth, its goodness of heart, its willingness to help anyone in trouble. We do not remember any piece of work that has been so hard to do as this business of saving two people in distress; but how good it is to set human beings free!

Inspirer of the Poles

SMIGLY-RYDZ

WHEN Marshal Pilsudski, creator and shaper of modern Poland, passed away four years ago the friends of that country asked themselves: Where will be found a successor of equal energy and equal ability to lead Poland through the days ahead?

Unlike most countries at the end of the Great War, Poland had still to go on fighting before she could establish her boundaries in security, and there had been a plebiscite under which thousands of the inhabitants of Silesia were to decide whether to return to Germany or become members of the recreated State.

For carrying on the work of the great Marshal there were, however, at least two younger men who had won their spurs in long years of warfare, Colonel Beck and General Smigly-Rydz. Colonel Beck was making his country's influence felt in the chancelleries of Europe, and General Edward Smigly-Rydz was reorganising the Polish Army, both under the benevolent eye of President Moscicki.

Artist Turned Soldier

The soldier was plain M. Rydz, a painter, in 1914, exchanging the brush, which he wielded with considerable skill, for the sword, which at first he was forced to use for the benefit of Austria. His leader, Pilsudski, regarded the Russians as the chief enemies of his fellow countrymen, and it was good to join in driving them out of districts they had oppressed for over a century. Besides, had not the Central Powers promised to give the Poles their independence?

Two Polish legions fought side by side with the German and Austrian armies, and in 1916 the two Powers declared the independence of Poland, offering Pilsudski the post of War Minister. But the Polish legionaries refused to take an oath of brotherhood-in-arms to their new friends, and Pilsudski spent the last years of the war in the fortress of Magdeburg.

While their leader was in that prison the Poles, led by Smigly-Rydz and others, were forming a military organisation of their own, and when the German revolution occurred in November 1918, and Pilsudski regained his liberty, they disarmed the German forces and Poland was reborn. Like the mushroom, which is Smigly in the Polish tongue, it had sprung up almost in one night.

Leading Citizen

But, as before the war, Russia (now Bolshevik) was the foe most feared, and Pilsudski marched on Kieff in 1920 in an attempt to draw Ukraine from Russia. Smigly-Rydz was in command of one of the Polish armies, and took part in the famous retreat and the dramatic face-about almost at the very gates of Warsaw, where, with the help of French officers and French munitions, the Poles finally thrust the Red army back.

About a year after the death of Pilsudski a circular letter went the round of all the Ministries and Government offices of Poland announcing that Commander-in-Chief Smigly-Rydz was Poland's leading citizen, and on the same day the Prime Minister

ordered that he should be treated as the first person in the land next to the President. A few months later he was created Marshal of Poland, Inspector-General of the Army.

This was an honour which followed a very dramatic change in the foreign policy of Poland, when she was turning once again to that friendship with France from which Germany had almost weaned her.

The French General Gamelin had that summer visited Warsaw staying with Smigly-Rydz as a guest, and on returning the visit he signed in Paris two important agreements whereby France lent Poland £37,000,000 for the



purchase of armaments, reviving the alliance established 15 years before, without prejudicing the good relations that had been established between Poland and Germany.

Since that day the Marshal has increased in the esteem of his countrymen, and the many democratic parties which have arisen in Poland in the last two or three years all unite in regarding this determined-looking soldier as a leader who will not fail his country in the day of trial. He is a young man still, only 53, while his friend Colonel Beck is but 44. Poland is a young country, reborn to achieve a high position in the modern world, and a worthy ally of the great democracies.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of September 1914

A Nation Ready. We are passing through the ordeal by fire, and already the war seems to have transformed our national life into something higher and nobler than we knew. Without fuss or flurry our people have boldly faced the situation, and acted with the discipline of a trained nation.

Scores of thousands of our citizens have become soldiers, and the number is daily increasing; scores of thousands have thrown off the quiet of private life and the home circle and harnessed themselves to duties which not the most imaginative Britisher ever dreamed he would have to fulfil.

When we think of what has been happening around us, we might almost fancy that the men of Cromwell's army had stepped anew from the ranks of the community.

NEWS DICTIONARY

The Corridor. The Corridor of Poland has been claimed by Herr Hitler as well as the Free City of Danzig. A definite part of Poland, the Corridor is the part of that State which stretches to the Baltic and thus gives Poland a sea-coast. Inhabited for the most part by Poles, it lies between West Prussia and that part of the 754-square-mile territory of Danzig nearest to the city, which gives its name to the whole. The Polish county of which the Corridor forms the northern part is called Pomorze, and through it are railways on which German goods used to pass without being subject to customs examination and Germans travelled without passports.

Chargé d'affaires. French being the language of diplomacy, an ambassador's deputy has come to be known as a Chargé d'affaires, in charge of affairs. Some minor States do not send ambassadors to one another's capitals, but each is represented by a Chargé d'affaires.

Gdynia. The port and naval base on the coast of the Polish Corridor has been constructed by the Poles within the last twenty years. When the Poles were at war with Russia in 1920 they were unable to use the Free City of Danzig for naval and military operations, so the port of Gdynia was started and connected by a new railway through the Corridor with the Polish coalfields in Silesia. Apart from its strategic purpose, it became a prosperous port and a rival to Danzig.

Foreign Exchange. The Prime Minister has told us that the public can cooperate by reducing, as far as possible, any demands which involve the purchase of foreign exchange. What this means is that we are asked, as far as possible, not to buy foreign articles which have to be paid for in the currency of the foreign nation that supplies them. For example, such articles as foreign toys, foreign musical instruments, foreign china, would come within the definition.

I.R.A. As a word these three letters stand in Latin for Wrath, and they are most appropriate for the methods employed by the Irish Republican Army, for which they stand. The I.R.A. is a secret revolutionary body having no connection in any way with the Defence Forces of the Irish Free State. The I.R.A. believes that bombs and terrorism generally will compel the British and Irish Governments to agree to any changes in the Irish Constitution they may demand.

Lord Privy Seal. The Minister responsible for all A.R.P. work in the days before the war was given the appointment known as Lord Privy Seal because its holder sits with other Ministers in the Cabinet. Actually he is the fifth great Officer of State, for in olden days he was Keeper of the King's Privy Seal and placed it on State documents approved by the King. Documents bearing this seal were passed on to the Lord Chancellor, who attached to them the Great Seal. In 1884 an Act altered the method of affixing the seal, and its holder had no more work or responsibility; but the office was retained with Cabinet rank, and its holder (now Sir Samuel Hoare) given some other important work.

Mediation. Three key words have appeared in the diplomatic correspondence of the Crisis—Mediation, Conciliation and Arbitration. By one of these means, it was declared, the dispute between Poland and Germany could be resolved. Conciliation was the best, for it implied a getting-together of the two parties to discuss their points of view in a friendly manner. Mediation implies some outside party acting as a go-between, and the Queen of Holland and the King of Belgium offered to act as mediators. Arbitration, the third method, would probably be associated with mediation, the mediators arranging that the disputing States should agree to put their case to an independent and impartial authority, and abide by its decision.

Silesia. The name Silesia has come into the news and is apt to cause confusion. An extensive district in Central Europe, it is named after a Slavonic tribe which drove out the Teutons 1000 years ago. After it had become part of the Polish kingdom it fell away in the 12th century.

Upper Silesia comprises the valley of the River Oder, whose tributary, the Neisse, divides it from Lower Silesia, an agricultural region of 10,000 square miles and a population of about 3,000,000, whereas Upper Silesia has nearly as big a population on half the area. After the Great War the northern part of Lower Silesia had a plebiscite under which its inhabitants returned to Prussia, other areas having been divided between the Poles and Czechs.

Specialised Schools. The problem of carrying on what are known as Specialised Schools during an emergency has been under consideration by education authorities. These schools are attended by older pupils and are usually used for one particular branch of learning. Monotechnic Institutions is another term used for them, and examples are the School of Building and the School of Photo-engraving and Lithography, in which are trained the future producers of the pictures printed from metal plates in the C.N.

Teschen. The town and district of Teschen, which before the Great War formed part of the Austrian province of Silesia, have since been a cause of dispute between the heirs of that country. The dispute was settled in 1920 by allotting the town to Poland and the district to Czecho-Slovakia. When Germany seized Bohemia and Moravia, Poland took this district, which she had long coveted.

Treasury Order. On the pages of a newspaper devoted to finance we now frequently come across the words Treasury Order. This has no connection with money order or postal order, but refers to an Order in Council issued from the Treasury, over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presides, though the first Lord of the Treasury is the Prime Minister himself.

White Paper. Certain reports and other documents issued by Parliament are known as Blue Books because they are bound in blue paper wrappers. White Papers, which have been in the news lately, are documents dealing with foreign affairs, and are issued by the Foreign Office, bound in white.

THE LONGEST JUMP EVER

Old and New Records

More than 40 years ago the writer saw our friend Commander C. B. Fry jump 23 feet 5½ inches on the flat at Queen's Club.

He was competing in the long jump at the University Sports, and his jump was then the longest on record, and so remained for many years. The record is now held by an American who has jumped 27 feet 2¾ inches, and we have no doubt that some boy now at school will some day add another inch or half inch to that marvellous feat.

Such is the way of records in all games and sports and pastimes. The knowledge that there is something to beat moves somebody to beat it, more especially in these days when peoples from all over the world meet in this friendly rivalry. But a special interest belongs to Commander C. B. Fry's long jump, because it seems to have broken the record of Chionis, the winner of this event at the famous Olympic Games in Greece in 664 B.C. or 2603 years ago.

When Greek Meets Greek

These Greek athletes have always been credited with performances which their rivals of today could never hope to equal. But the learned Inspector-General of Physical Education at Athens has lately been examining what the length of a "foot" in Greece really meant at that time.

He comes to the conclusion that it varied from place to place. It was longer at the stadium of Delphi than at that of Olympia: and now that the measurements of these places have been corrected by modern excavations the length of the foot has been corrected also. Thus the jump of the famous Chionis is reduced to 23 feet 1 inch, which is 4½ inches less than that of C. B. Fry.

It is only fair to state that, applying the same measurements to the fabled feat of another hero, Phayllus, who is said to have jumped 32 feet, it will be seen that our new athletes have still old worlds to conquer.

Seen in a Publichouse

Motorists may see the following table posted up in the bar-room of a public-house on Dartmoor:

Two pints equal	one quart
Four quarts ..	one gallon
One gallon ..	one argument
One argument ..	one quarrel
One quarrel ..	one fight
One fight ..	one policeman

Who First Thought of the Suez Canal?

WE are to have a change in British representation on the Board of the Suez Canal.

Our Government has three representatives on the Board, and there are seven British commercial directors as well of this Egyptian company with its head offices in Paris. Sir Ian Malcolm is retiring from the Board and the British Government is appointing a successor in his stead.

Although ocean giants such as the Queen Mary, the Queen Elizabeth, and the greatest of our battleships could not pass through the canal, whose greatest depth admits no craft drawing more than 30 feet of water, this 87 miles of artificial waterway connecting the Mediterranean at Port Said with the Red Sea at Suez is one of the most important in the world for us, for it is a vital link in our Empire communications with the East and Australia. In the absence of the canal our ships would have to sail down the coast of Africa and round the Cape.

It was against the wishes of Great Britain that the canal was made, and we wrong-headedly opposed it on political and engineering grounds; but six years after its opening we bought shares in it for four million pounds, and so important had it become to

us by 1914 that we declared a Protectorate over Egypt in order that we ourselves might undertake the task of defending the canal against our enemies.

The work of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the canal is French in conception and construction; but there are many claimants to the honour of first projecting the scheme, and it is a fact that Captain Rawdon Chesney surveyed the route in 1830 and advised the building of a canal. De Lesseps admitted his indebtedness to Chesney for his own idea. But it was a poet, Christopher Marlowe, who was first in the field with the notion in modern times. In 1587 he wrote a play, Tamburlaine the Great, on the career of Tamerlane, the shepherd king of 600 years ago, in which, declaring his own belief in the feasibility of a Suez Canal, he makes the victor say, in the course of a description of his conquests:

*Then marched I into Egypt and Arabia;
And here, not far from Alexandria,
Where the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
I meant to cut a channel to them both,
That men might quickly sail to India.*

That was a vision given to the world by a poet 218 years before Ferdinand de Lesseps was born.

Why America Searched the Bremen

HOSTS of people wondered why, with peace still prevailing, the United States detained the Bremen and other foreign liners at New York until they had been searchingly examined for arms.

In adopting this course America was profiting by the example of Great Britain, whose failure to take similar precautions in like conditions once involved us in the possibility of war with the States, and finally cost us millions.

During America's Civil War a ship named the Alabama was built for the South by a firm of Birkenhead shipbuilders. Our Government was warned by representatives of the Northern States that she had the characteristics of a war vessel, but by almost incredible laxity she was permitted to sail, so that, going to the Azores, she took on armament, and for the next two years inflicted terrible damage on the shipping of the North. She was finally sunk in battle off Cherbourg by a Federal ship, two years after leaving England.

After the war the victorious North brought heavy claims against us in respect of the misdeeds of the Alabama. She, with two less important ships from England, was held responsible for immense indirect damage and for prolonging the war by two years. The claims made against this country amounted to hundreds of millions, and the dispute, which constantly imperilled relations between the two nations, extended over eight years.

Finally, the greater claims having been abandoned, an international tribunal awarded America damages amounting to over three million pounds against us.

We were wholly in the wrong in the matter, and admitted it.

That is the precedent which guided the United States in arresting liners at New York until it was made sure that none of them could imitate the Alabama in the open sea and convert herself into a warship, inflicting damage on the shipping of other nations for which America could be ultimately held responsible.

THE TOMTIT AND THE BEES

A Surprise For Gardeners

A cloud overshadows the fair fame of that universal garden favourite the tomtit. He has been snapping up the humble bees.

Although he weighs only a third of an ounce, the tomtit is one of the most active of our smaller birds and has an appetite which energetic effort encourages, so that if his diet were largely of humble bees we should suffer, for these bees fertilise the clover which forms an important element in the food of our animals. But the havoc cannot be serious, for we have no lack of bees.

The tomtit pays his way by ridding our crops of an enormous number of harmful caterpillars and other parasitic insects, and there is little that can be eaten but is food to him and his wife and family.

Indeed, there are things he does for a living that surprise gardeners as much as these bee-eaters have surprised the insect-lovers.

The Villains of the Piece

A number of young cabbage plants having disappeared from a certain garden, a second lot had to be planted, and these were hedged about with wire netting of small mesh such as, it was thought, would keep out not only rabbits but birds as well.

But the damage continued unabated, and the tomtits were the villains of the piece. They flew through the meshes of the wire without effort, and there one of our readers saw a covey of them, inside the netting, making merry with the little cabbages, which they seemed to regard as specially reserved for them against the attacks of bigger birds, from which the narrow openings in the wire netting were an inviolable protection.

P.C. Good Samaritan

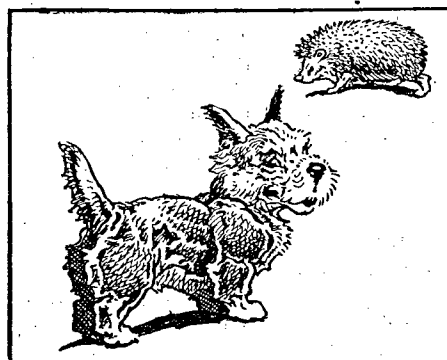
A friend sends us this little story from Bristol.

Late one night two weary motorists, with nearly 100 miles to go, were driving through a Worcestershire village.

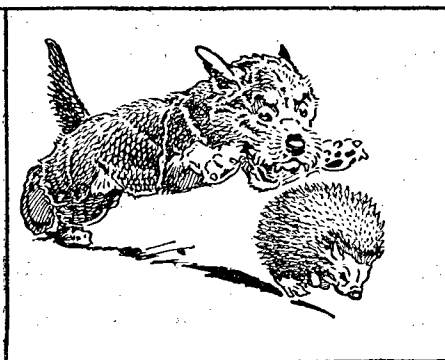
Suddenly an arm of the law was raised and the car came to a reluctant stop. "One of your side-lights is out, sir," said the policeman.

The driver was just about to clamber out into the rain when he was stopped: "Just you stay here a minute, sir." With this the policeman trotted off down the road, to return in five minutes heated but triumphant. "Here's a bulb for you. I knocked up a garage." He would take no reward for his labours, but only the cost of the lamp.

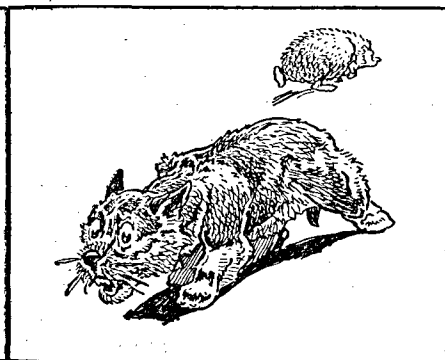
Fido's Mistake



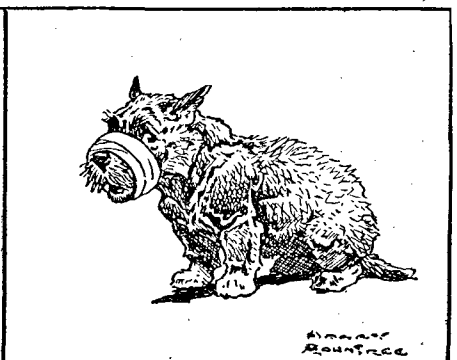
Here's old man hedgehog



I'll frighten him!



Help!



Never again

A Harry Rountree Strip

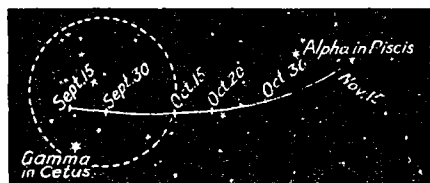
THE APPROACH OF VESTA

Strange Mystery of a Little World

By the C N Astronomer

Still another planetary visitor has arrived in our southern sky in the evening; this is the strange little world of Vesta, the third largest of the asteroids, or planetoids. She is coming closer and may be easily found with the aid of field-glasses, a little way to the right of the star Gamma in Cetus, which was shown in last week's star-map. Though at present this part of Cetus does not rise until about 11 o'clock, it will soon be observable an hour or so earlier.

The star-map shows the region through which Vesta is travelling, together with her path for the next two months,



The path of Vesta, showing her position on various dates. The broken circle indicates the view seen through field-glasses

during which it will be most interesting to watch Vesta. She will appear through the glasses as a tiny point of light threading its way through the stars; her motion, which will be apparent from evening to evening when compared with the "fixed" stars, will (with Gamma as an aid) serve to identify her from the other tiny points of light visible through the glasses, all down to 7.5 magnitude being on this map. Moreover, Vesta will appear slightly above 7th magnitude for the next two months, brighter than the faintest stars visible through the glasses.

A dark clear night is necessary in order to spot such a small world and one so far away—actually between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, though Vesta appears much nearer to Saturn. At present Vesta is about 130 million miles away. She is coming a little nearer, but not so near, this year, as on some occasions, when she can be seen with the naked eye. By the middle of October, when at her nearest to us, she will be about 6.8 magnitude, and so a little below naked-eye visibility.

Most reliable measurements of Vesta show that she has a diameter of only 240 miles. So while Vesta could stand in the centre of England, she must have a surface area amounting to almost exactly that of England and Wales. This enables us to appreciate the size of this little world which is speeding at nearly 12 miles a second.

Is it Ice and Snow?

Now, it is a most remarkable and strange thing that Vesta should be so bright in proportion to her size, her white surface reflecting almost as much sunlight, in proportion, as the known cloud-covered surface of Venus does. But clouds seem to be impossible on Vesta because it is considered that her gravitational attraction is so small that it could not retain the molecules of an atmosphere. They would long ago have been whisked off into space.

So what constitute this abnormal white surface of Vesta? Is it a permanent coating of ice and snow, which of course presupposes the existence of water and vapour on Vesta at one time? On the other hand a rough surface is indicated, in which case Vesta may be composed chiefly of a calcareous substance, such as chalk or limestone rocks. Bearing in mind that Vesta appears to be one of the largest of some thousands of fragments of a world that was, apparently, shattered long ago, we may wonder whether the material composing Vesta was not in that distant past the bed of an ocean on that world. G. F. M.

The Flying Travellers of the Night

The blackpolls, travelling in hundreds of thousands by night, are now leaving Alaska for South America, and the cliff swallow is leaving Nova Scotia for the same destination.

THE swallows are streaming out of their little tunnels in the cliffs of Nova Scotia and elsewhere; they are massing in myriads on the coasts, they will boldly launch out from Florida, across the Caribbean Sea, then follow a land route down South America, there to pass the winter in warmth and abundance. They live entirely on insects; all the swallow tribes do; from the earliest peep of dawn till the sun goes down below the horizon they are hawking and snapping up insects.

Insects are obtainable in temperate and frigid lands only in summer, so if the swallows had not learned to adventure far afield to where the insect tides swell as the tide ebbs to nothing elsewhere they would have had either to master the art of hibernation or perish from the face of the earth. They cannot hibernate; they require constant renewal of food, so fly they must, and fly they do, fast, far, and without error.

Poor Flyers

But the blackpolls are insect-eaters too. They are members of that fine group of birds which we call wood-warblers, birds which add a joy to life by their sweet notes, their trim and handsome appearance, and preserve us against the ravages of insect life in our woods and copses. The blackpolls, so called from the handsome head-covering of sheeny black feathers borne by the males, are, like the bulk of the group, poor flyers normally. They make little flitting darts and dashes like our fly-catchers, not great sweeping flights like the birds of prey, the pigeons, and the crows.

But energy throbs and urges when the time for the migration arrives. As the cliff swallows leave Nova Scotia for South America the blackpolls leave Alaska for the same distant goal.

It is a tremendous journey for such small birds, a journey in which a sea must be crossed, an almost incredible performance for things so tiny, accustomed the livelong summer but to brief expeditions in the air. But the blackpoll flight is full of grace and suggestion of possibilities, like that of the deer and horse at liberty.

Powers in Reserve

Our swiftest wild animals keep their powers in reserve; they never gallop normally, save when alarm sets wing to their feet. They amble, occasionally trot, sometimes never break out of a walk for a whole day at a time. But when occasion calls they can flee as the wind, and man has taught the horse to spread out its stored energy over long hours of uninterrupted trotting, with occasional bursts of galloping.

Nature is the trainer of the blackpolls. The strength which they accumulate when resting for months is spent in the great spring and autumn journeys, and, as we shall see, speed and endurance grow, instead of diminishing, with the trans-continental journey. The immense flight on which

they are at this moment engaged leads them to six months of luxurious rest and feeding, so that when they begin the return journey next March they will be charged with strength and energy, as a battery is charged with electric current.

A Mystery of the Night

Then the blackpoll will remember a little bedstead, as it were, in a far northern clime, a nest amid the spruce groves of Alaska, where eggs may be laid in security and babies like itself brought to maturity; and it will hurl its tiny body into the air and go questing.

Like many other species of birds whose food must be sought among day-flying insects, the blackpolls feed by daylight, and make their wonderful journey, piecemeal, by night. We cannot explain how birds, lost if they are frightened out of their nests at night, suddenly become as clear-eyed in the dark as a cat or an owl. It happens with every migration, and we can only suppose that what seems darkness at night to human eyes possesses light-rays enough to enable the vision of these little couriers of the air to see their way to safety. Certainly no physical change takes place in the wonderful structure of their eyes from season to season.

The great air-trek now in progress will land the birds in South America, where a tropical winter will fit them for the return adventure. They will set out again for their nesting-grounds in Alaska next March, and we can plot their route as if they were a caravan in the desert following age-old paths. But the rate of progress varies astonishingly.

The Long, Long Trail

Gone are the nonsensical theories as to migrating birds flying at hundreds of miles an hour from end to end of a continent in a single night. The blackpoll will return in easy stages, winging its way from one feeding-ground to another. Beginning its flight in March, it will reach Florida about the third week in April. In the next ten days it will loiter on to central Missouri, a distance of 300 miles. A similar distance, covered at the same pace, will bring it to central Iowa.

So far it has been travelling at the rate of 30 miles in a forward direction each 24 hours. Then comes the great quickening, and in the next ten days 1000 miles will be covered, after which, for the concluding stages of the mighty journey, these mites of power and endurance cover 300 miles a day!

Finally Alaska will be reached after an absence of eight months, and four months will be passed in nursery duties and preparation for another flight south such as that which is at present in progress.

It is a marvellous tale of physical efficiency in its highest expression, an unexplained marvel of memory for routes, an unexcelled chapter of valour revealed in the crossing of the deadly Caribbean Sea. If we could but take aeroplane and accompany the flight, stage by stage, and record all its wonders, what a thrilling story the world might receive!

THE BLESSING OF THE APPLE TREE

This Year's Record Crop

Smith Minor, who had cause to complain of a shortage of apples last year, can rejoice this year in the prospect of a big crop.

Fruit has become so great an item of trade that we now get special learned reports about it. The Imperial Economic Committee's report tells us that in 1938 the home-grown and imported raw fruit we consumed amounted to only 76 lbs a head of our people, whereas in 1937 we had 86 lbs, and 96 in 1934. We hope to do better in 1939, for cheap fruit is a blessing.

Home-grown fruit last year (excluding cider fruit) amounted to only 196,000 tons, compared with about 390,000 tons in 1937 and 674,000 in the record crop year 1934.

Last year grape-fruit was so cheap that it made a record. We actually imported £1,071,000 worth. Thus what was a luxury ten years ago is now to be bought from street-barrows.

Bad crops seem to have discouraged home fruit-growing. Last year there was a further decline in the area under fruit crops in the United Kingdom. The total for 1938 of about 319,000 acres was nearly 22,000 acres less than in the peak year of 1935.

The moral is plain. Every family outside town centres should plant apple trees. Strange that so many people forget that the tree is as beautiful as it is useful.

The Leaf of the Scots Pine

We all know this picturesque tree, with the red stem and the tufted top. It is one of our few natives, and, unlike the



larch, will grow on very poor sandy soils, as well as on the moors and mountains. In Dorset it grows so well that, as there are fewer animals to graze, it is seeding like a weed and covering the lovely open landscapes. That is because there is no proper management of our precious fields, farms, and woodlands, and the old woodmen and shepherds who used to watch them have mostly died out. The building timber called red deal is made from wild Scots fir from Baltic lands. The leaves are long dark bluish-green needles in bundles of two.

herds who used to watch them have mostly died out. The building timber called red deal is made from wild Scots fir from Baltic lands. The leaves are long dark bluish-green needles in bundles of two.

Saved By an Orange

An orange the other day struck the windscreen of a car going at high speed near Albuquerque in New Mexico.

The motorist, who was dazzled by the rising sun and could not see ahead of him, pulled up in annoyance, and then saw a deep chasm in front of him, a young man hurrying up to tell him that rains had washed away a huge piece of the road. He had leaped to safety when their car skidded off the road. He had already saved one motorist from certain death, but this second motorist, with the sun in his face, did not see his signals, and in a last desperate attempt to warn him the man had thrown the orange.

Complete in Three Parts

TURK TAKES A HAND

By Christopher Beck

CHAPTER 1

The Hermit of Burnt Island

"TURK, you can't leave," cried Dick Durrant in a tone of utter dismay. "Just think! You're to be the captain of footer next term. And—and what should I do without you?"

Turk Brydon was one of those square, solid, dependable boys who do not easily get upset, and when they do rarely show it. Yet now the tightness of his lips and the lines around his grey eyes showed that he was finding it difficult to control himself.

"Do you think I want to leave Broadmead, Dick?" he burst out. "Don't you know I've been looking forward more than anything else to the footer next term. And leaving you and all my pals makes me simply writhe."

"Then why can't you stay? Peter likes you. I'm sure he'd give your father reduced terms."

Turk drew a long breath.

"It wouldn't matter if dear old Peter took me for nothing. Dad's broke—absolutely broke. I've got to start and work for a living."

Dick bit his lip. "There must be some way out," he insisted stubbornly.

Turk faced him. "It's no good kidding yourself, Dick," he said earnestly. "Dad's lost all his money in the collapse of that building company. He's got nothing left but his pay as a parson. And he has this big rectory which has to be kept up somehow. There won't be a penny to spend on me, so I have to get apprenticed to someone. A job in an office, I expect."

At this moment the door of the study opened and Joe Stubbs, the school porter, put his head in.

"The master wants to see you, Mr Brydon."

"There! I told you," Dick said quickly, but Turk was gone.

The headmaster of Broadmead was the Revd Arthur Peterson, affectionately known to his boys, with whom he was very popular, as Peter. He was at his desk in his study as Turk came in, and looked up with an unusually grave expression on his lean face.

"Brydon," said the master, "that silly fellow Tyne has disappeared and I believe he has run away. What do you think?"

"I should think it's very likely, sir," Turk answered frankly. "He's always up to something crazy."

"Have you any idea where he can have gone? Naturally, I don't want to call in the police. It would be bad for the school, for they might think he had been bullied or was unhappy."

"He hasn't been bullied, sir," said Turk. "It's just that he won't make friends and always wants to do something different from anybody else."

The master nodded. "I think you are right, Brydon. But where can he be?"

"I have a sort of notion he might have gone to Burnt Island," Turk replied.

"Some chaps were talking about the hermit who is supposed to live there."

"You must be right," said the doctor quickly. "Stubbs says a boat is missing. I will go there at once."

Turk looked doubtful.

"Well?" said the other sharply.

"How would it be if I went, sir? Dick Durrant and I could fetch him and be back by tea."

Mr Peterson frowned, then laughed. "Less official you mean. Upon my word, I believe you are right. Run along then. Take the big dinghy, and be careful about landing. There's always a swell."

"I'll be careful, sir," Turk promised and was off. He was so interested that for the moment he forgot his own troubles, and Dick, when he heard, was equally keen.

"Silly ass!" remarked Dick. "Tristram Tyne never did have any sense. All the same, Turk, I wonder he hasn't come back by this time. He's been gone all day, and I don't suppose he had any grub with him. Who is this hermit chap they talk about?"

Turk shrugged. "Some cranky fellow who likes to live alone. But I don't know a thing about him. Let's get on. I don't like the look of the sky, and we want to be back before it begins to blow. I'll get a flash and one or two things. You run on and push the boat out."

The school was close to the sea and in a very short time the two boys were afloat.

Burnt Island lay about two miles out. It was a great rugged hump of granite with a little grass, a few bushes, and hundreds of gulls on it. Both boys had been out to it, fishing, but had never landed. They knew,

however, the small cove where it was possible to land. It had a narrow entrance, but inside was a perfect little harbour, still as a pond, with a ledge where it was easy to climb ashore.

As they ran the dinghy in Dick looked up at the towering cliffs surrounding it.

"Gloomy-looking place!" he remarked, with a shiver.

Turk was also looking round. "Where's Tristram's boat?" he asked sharply.

Dick was dismayed.

"We must be on the wrong tack," he answered.

Turk grunted, then took a pull at the oars and drove the dinghy farther into the harbour. He pointed. There was Tyne's boat pulled up out of the water and half hidden in a crevice in the rocks. Turk's face darkened.

"Something queer about this," he said as he scrambled ashore.

Dick was tying the boat to a projecting point of rock when he heard a slight gurgling sound. He looked round to see his chum in the grasp of a great gaunt man, who had one arm round Turk's neck. With the other hand the man beckoned to Dick.

"Come ashore," he ordered in a harsh, grating voice. "Quick, or I'll pitch a rock into your boat and knock the bottom out of it." Dick obeyed. It seemed to him he had no choice.

CHAPTER 2

Prisoners in the Cave

"A PRETTY trap we've tumbled into!" growled Dick Durrant, as he struggled vainly with the cords that bound his wrists and ankles.

He and the other two boys were seated on the hard rock floor of a small cave. All three were tied hand and foot. They were alone, for the hermit had left them and gone off through a tunnel to his own quarters. He had not troubled to give them any supper, and they were all ravenously hungry as well as cold and stiff.

"It's all my silly fault," said Tristram Tyne, in a very shaky voice.

"What did the fellow do it for?" went on Dick. "Is he crazy, or has he really got a treasure here?"

"He's crazy as a coot," said Turk curtly.

"You've only to look at him to see that."

JACKO IN A HURRY

JACKO complained that whenever he had anything particularly exciting on his mother sent him on an errand.

It happened again the morning he had arranged to meet Chimp on the sports ground at the beginning of the football season.

"Meet me at ten," Chimp had said, "and we'll see if we can borrow a ball and have a bit of a kick up."



There was a bang that took his breath away

Jacko was darting out of the door when his mother called him back.

"I want you to fetch a few things from the Stores," she said, and she gave him a nice long list.

Jacko scowled. It would take at least half an hour to get there and back.

He dashed off to the shed for his bicycle—and stopped halfway as he remembered that he had taken it to pieces to clean it and had forgotten to put it together again.

"Crazy, or not, he's got us," replied Dick. "But won't Peter come to look for us?"

Tristram asked. "He knows that you chaps came here."

"He probably will," Turk answered; "but what good will that do? You can be sure the hermit has sunk or hidden our boat, and Peter would have a job to find this cave, specially at night. No one's going to help us, and it's up to us to get away."

"Got any notions on how to do it?" Dick asked dryly.

"I have. I expected trouble and came prepared for it. There's a safety razor blade hidden in the heel of my left shoe. Think you can get it out, Dick?"

"I'll try," said Dick, as he wriggled closer. Turk twisted round and Dick got to work.

It was a ticklish job. In the first place it was almost pitch dark; in the second, Dick's fingers were stiff from the cord tied tightly around his wrists. But he stuck to it and presently muttered, "Got it!"

"Good!" said Turk. "Hold the blade while I get my wrists up against it." There was silence for a minute. Then Turk drew a deep breath. "Done it!" he said in a tone of relief.

He took the blade from Dick and in a very few moments had cut the others free.

"It's blowing a bit," said Dick, "but if the hermit hasn't sunk the big dinghy we ought to make it all right."

"Wait a jiffy," Turk whispered. "We've got to block that tunnel first. We don't want that big beggar chasing after us."

Dick chuckled softly. "Now, I'd never have thought of that." He groped about, found a stone, and tiptoed across to the tunnel.

There were lots of stones, and in five minutes the three boys had plugged the mouth of the tunnel so securely that no one could get in, let alone out. Then Turk led them out of the cave.

The mouth was high above the sea and the way down was steep and slippery. That did not bother the boys. What did worry Turk was the fact that the breeze he had expected was already blowing, and a heavy surf breaking in thunder at the foot of the cliffs.

The sky was clear and just enough light was left to see the white surf flying high over the outlying rocks.

Turk hurried. He was anxious about the boat. The one Tristram had used was no good. It would never live in this sea. The big dinghy was better, but if the hermit had sunk it they were done. Dick knew what Turk was thinking and he, too, came leaping down the steep path at reckless

speed. Tristram was left far behind. Dick and Turk reached the ledge together.

"It's all right, Turk," Dick said. "There's our dinghy, but he's pulled her up and we'll have to launch her."

"Be careful," Turk warned. "These rocks are sharp and it's easy to knock a hole in her. Right—lift!" The boat was a heavy weight for the two boys but they managed to get her into the water. And just then Tristram came racing down.

"Quick!" he panted. "The hermit's out. Must have been another entrance. He's after us."

Turk almost flung Tristram into the boat; he and Dick followed. They got out the oars and had taken the first stroke when the big man reached the ledge.

"Come back!" he roared in a voice of fury.

"Pull!" Turk panted, and he and Dick dug in their oars and drove the boat with all their strength towards the mouth of the harbour.

"Look out!" cried Tristram. "He's got a big stone."

The words were not out of his mouth before the stone hit the boat with a loud crunching sound.

If it had been as big as Tristram had thought it would have wrecked the dinghy, but luckily it was small and all it did was to dent the gunwale. Before the crazy man could find another stone the boat was out of his reach and rising on a swell. Both oars dipped once more and there was a crash as she buried her bow in a breaking wave. She rose again, and now she was outside.

"We're all right," shouted Turk. "Keep her going, Dick. Tristram, bale for all you're worth."

"Here's a launch," cried Tristram.

It was Mr Peterson with a crew of three sturdy fishermen. They took the dinghy in tow, and in less than half an hour all were safe in Broadmead harbour. As they walked up to the school together Turk told the master all that had happened on the island. Mr Peterson looked grave.

"This hermit man is dangerous. I shall send the police out for him in the morning. As for you boys, you will have some supper and go to bed."

"Isn't he a brick?" said Dick as the three devoured cold meat and apple tart. "Didn't even say a cross word to you, Tristram."

"I'll hear the cross words all right in the morning," said Tristram dolefully. "I shall probably get expelled for this."

"Not you," said Turk comfortingly. He yawned. "Bed for me," he added.

Early next morning police visited Burnt Island. They found no hermit. He and his boat had utterly disappeared. That same day Turk was again summoned to the master's study.

"I've heard from your father, Turk," said Mr Peterson. "I'm terribly sorry about his losses. But don't despair; I shall do all in my power to keep you here for at least another term."

Turk went away, wondering what Mr Peterson could possibly do about it. The more he thought the less hope he had. The next two days passed quietly, then for a third time Stubbs summoned him to the master's room, where he found not Mr Peterson but a tall, powerfully built man of about fifty, with thick grey hair and brilliantly blue eyes. The big man put out his hand.

"Brydon, I am Tristram's father, and I have to thank you for getting my boy out of a nasty mess. Sit down. I want to talk to you."

Turk sat down. He wondered what was coming. The other did not leave him long in suspense.

"Tristram's mother died when he was born," he went on. "And I have been too busy to look after the boy properly. That's why Tristram is queer."

"There's nothing really wrong with him, sir," Turk declared.

"I'm glad to hear you say so. But he wants someone to steady him. I think you are the very fellow for the job. I am going to suggest that you take him home with you for the vacation. It may spoil your holidays."

"Not a bit, sir," put in Turk quickly.

"It will mean a lot of work for you and your people," said Mr Tyne. "Luckily I am well able to pay for such trouble, and I propose offering your father £50 for the six weeks."

"It's too much, sir," said Turk. The other laughed.

"Don't let that worry you. Do you accept?" Turk drew a long breath.

"Very gratefully, sir," he answered.

TO BE CONTINUED

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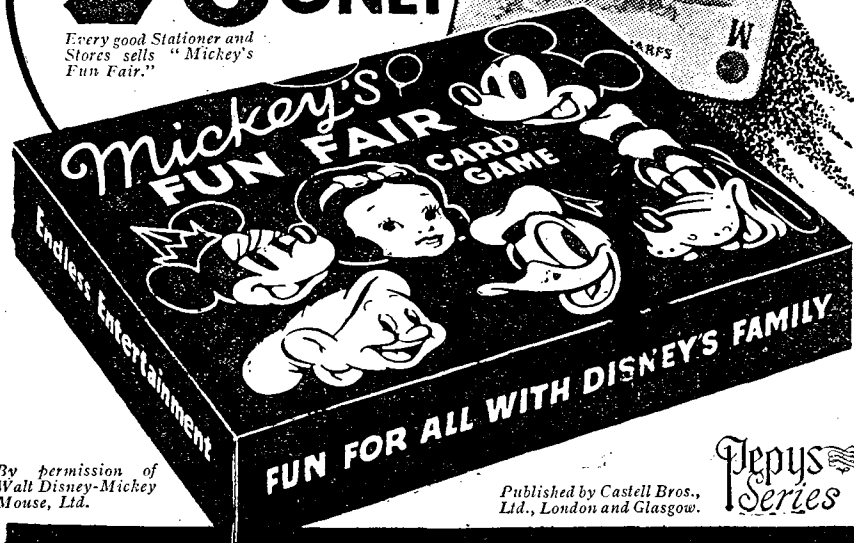
The game can be played by two players or more and a book of rules is included. It's simple to play and never loses its charm or interest.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 16, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

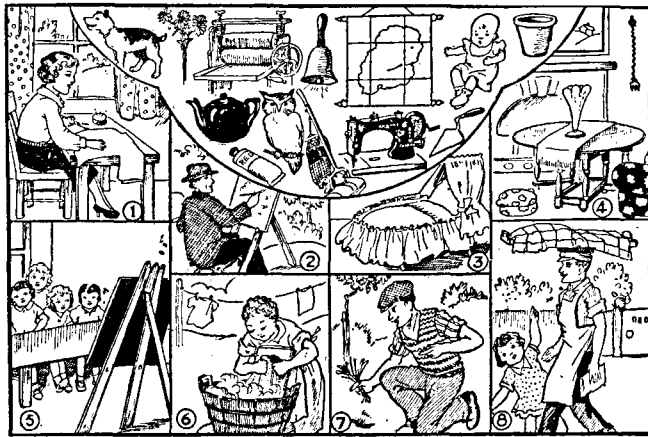
Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

MORE MONEY PRIZES FOR CN READERS

Two of Ten Shillings and 20 Half-Crowns For Clever Girls and Boys

AN object is missing from each of the eight little scenes shown in the picture.

All the objects are shown among the group above, and you are asked to place the correct object in each. For the best-written correct or nearest to correct lists the Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings each and twenty half-crowns. Write your numbered list on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and send it to C N Competition Number 88, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, September 21.



Here is an actual example showing how to write your list: 3 Baby.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and all entries must be in the competitor's own handwriting. Only one entry can be accepted from each reader and the Editor's decision will be final.

It is important to remember that your entry, on a postcard, should be in your best writing, for this may be the deciding factor in awarding the prizes. Age will be taken into consideration when judging the entries.

THE BRAN TUB

A Riddle

WHY is the man in uniform
Who gathers quickly his bus
fares
So useful in a thunderstorm?
If this has caught you unawares,
Let me, my friends, be your
instructor:
He is a lightning conductor.

Ici On Parle Français



Un os Le chien La grille
bone dog railings

Ce méchant chien a volé un os au boucher. Il s'est forcé un passage à travers la grille et s'est assis dans le parc pour le savourer.

That naughty dog stole a bone from the butcher. He squeezed through the railings and sat down in the park to enjoy it.

What Happened on Your Birthday
Sept. 17. Philip IV of Spain died . . . 1665

18. Bishop Burnet born . . . 1643

19. Dr Barnardo died . . . 1905

20. Lord Falkland killed at Battle of Newbury . . . 1643

21. Edward II murdered . . . 1327

22. George III crowned . . . 1761

23. Wilkie Collins died . . . 1889

Optical Illusion

IN the line of letters and figures below the top halves look the same size as the bottom halves. This, however, is only an optical illusion, for if we turn this page upside-down we shall find that the tops of the letters and figures are smaller than the lower parts.

SSSSSSXXXXXX888888

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the south, Jupiter is in the south-east, and Saturn is in the east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, September 19.



the upper wings is a soft brown-grey lightly tinged with rust-red, and the lower wings and body are greyish-brown. The herald moth is a lover of houses and buildings, but does no damage to clothes or furs.

A Quaker Answered

AMINADAB, with phiz demure,
Knocked at Mr Owen's door;
With widened mouth and lengthened chin,
He asked, "Is friend O N within?"
Now, John, who dearly loved a joke,
In tone like that the Quaker spoke,
With bow most reverently low,
As drawlingly replied N O.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

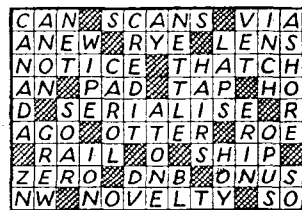
Jumbled Ships. Bounty. Golden Hind. Birkenhead. Discovery. Mayflower.

What Am I? Seal

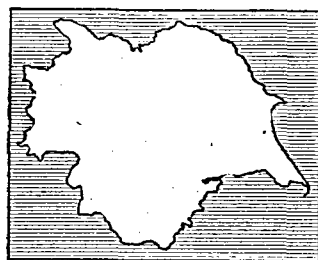
Word Puzzle. Palms, alms, LMS

Is This Your County? Gloucestershire

Cross Word Puzzle



Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

The Missing Words

HERE is a poem with five words missing. All are different, but are spelt with the same letters. Can you fill them in?

How does the sluggard's garden grow
When are high and profits low,
When and bindweed spoil?
No careful culture the soil;
But weeds that are all alive
Where, pink, or rose
should thrive. Answer next week

This Week in Nature

THE herald moth is seen. This moth is so named because it appears in the autumn and is supposed to herald the coming winter. It remains in flight until the end of this month and then hibernates. The colouring of

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THEY were all ready for the match to begin.

"Come on, Steve! We want you to bat!" cried Harry when he saw his chum crossing the village green.

Steve hurried to the pitch and took up the bat. The bowler was waiting, and he sent up a nice fast ball.

It seemed to be too fast for Steve. To the great surprise of all, Steve sprang away from the wicket, dropped the bat, and clapped his hand over his side.

"What's the matter?" cried the wicket-keeper in astonishment.

"The only time I've seen anything like it was when one of our side was stung by a bee just as the ball came up to the wicket," said the bowler thoughtfully.

Steve put his hand into his pocket and carefully brought out a duck's egg. The other players crowded round to look at it.

"I remembered it just in time," he said, with a rather

shamefaced grin. "Mrs Hawkins at the farm gave it to me, so that Mother could put it in the incubator. I'm terribly sorry, but I didn't want to risk getting it broken."

"You've got your duck already!" laughed the wicket-keeper, jerking his thumb towards the spot where the bails lay on the grass. "Out first ball, eh?"

"Yes, I must give way to another fellow," said Steve, "but I'll come back and field

STEPHEN'S DUCK

when I've taken the egg home."

"Put it in a safe place, and have your innings all the same," suggested Harry. "We won't count that ball."

So Steve went back to the wicket and put up a very good show.

The egg was duly hatched, and the duckling became a great favourite, not only with Steve, but with his chums as well. It used to follow Steve, first round the garden and then on to the green.

CN IN WAR TIME

THE CN will not strive to give War News. There will be too much of it in the daily papers.

THE CN will do its best to keep cheerful and to encourage our brave and patient people and the children away from their homes.

WILL you help it, and help the children, by giving a regular order for the paper in these difficult days? And will Friends of the CN please order it to be delivered every week to some child away from home?

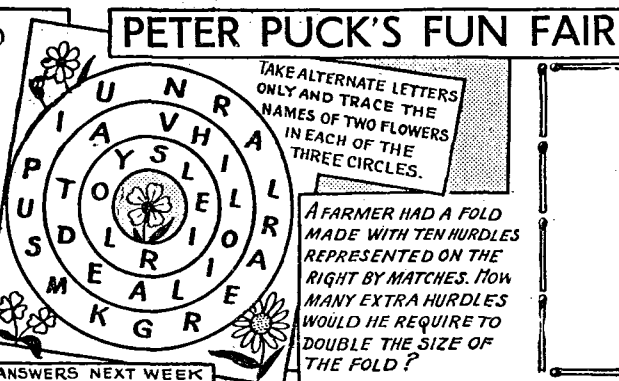
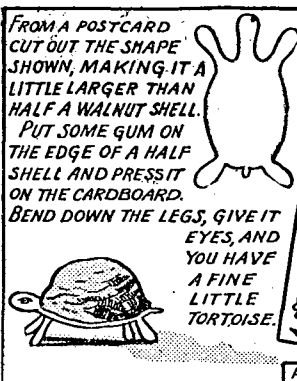
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and debit my account

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